CHICAGO SURRENDERS

Edward Dean Sullivan

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CHICAGO SURRENDERS

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EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN

A Sequel to
"RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME"

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To

EDWARD WHITE SULLIVAN

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Introduction

IN DISCUSSING the present crime structure in the United States, a condition which has never been approached in the history of civilization, the writer will make no effort to explain, defend or attack the conduct or attitudes of either the Dry or Wet elements. Both factions are responsible for an overtone of menace such as no nation has experienced, but in this review of the American scene we will array facts and avoid controversy—a rare phenomenon in this day and nation!

To most Americans—Wet, Dry or Impartial—the subject of Prohibition has become anathema. This is not remarkable, considering the history of Prohibition during its eleven years and the criminal developments which have accompanied it. But since problems—especially

gigantic ones—cannot be solved by either indifference or indignation, the time has come to talk of many things.

The contemptuous warring factions under Prohibition, in the only cooperation ever recorded between them, have created a bogey of crime that is the talk of the world. And what that crime bogey may become, in the event of the widely urged repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, might well leave the gossiping world in silent awe.

Last year, according to Dr. James M. Doran, then Prohibition Commissioner, the perfectly organized and murderously vicious American bootleg liquor industry had an income of $3,000,000,000. By way of supplying a perspective on that sum, let it be said that the estimated cost of Prohibition enforcement—such as it was and what there was of it—added to loss of revenue to the government, was $936,000,000. Less than a third of the income of the bootleggers!

And lest we lose perspective on that second sum, let us put down the amount paid into the

Federal Treasury by all the individual taxpayers in the United States—$882,727,114. Less than was lost through Prohibition alone!

Booze is but one of more than two hundred standard rackets now in operation in this country. In one city—Chicago—in one year, the returns from union rackets totaled $136,000,000.

Last year in this country approximately eight hundred gangs, made up almost entirely of individuals of criminal record or intent, were supplied with more than three billion dollars from one source—booze. It was available for thwarting the law, corrupting elections, tainting the judiciary, and bribing or shooting holes through every obstacle to increased criminality.

That's the basis of the growing structure of crime that the Drys and the Wets—in that order—have built!

Let us not applaud good intentions or tolerate thoughtlessness in the matter. The Drys gave the criminals of this country their opportunity—and the Wets, drinking liquor of any quality at any price, gave the thugs, who

sold this liquor, their nation-menacing bankroll.

The results have been terrific beyond all measurement. Murder is a commonplace. In Chicago alone nearly five thousand homicides have occurred under Prohibition, a record never semi-approached in the turbulent history of that ever spectacular city. Crime and disregard for law is nation-wide; organization never before considered possible in the underworld has been established and has been in efficient operation for years.

The comforting slogan that crime does not pay has been bitterly laughed off—it pays in the billions!

Many years ago this writer, as a newspaperman assigned to Police Headquarters in New York, frequently rode to raids with the since-executed Lieutenant Charles Becker and his Strong Arm Squad. The last ride, in fact, was ten days before the murder of Herman Rosenthal, gambler, by Gyp the Blood, Whitey Lewis, Leftie Louie and Dago Frank.

Rosenthal was slain on the night of July 15, 1912. Becker and the four gunmen died in the

electric chair for that crime. In the measurement of time that was eighteen years ago, but in the measurement of gang methods and results it is almost out of memory. That exploit, clumsy, amateurish and fatal in results for all concerned, was actually considered the most spectacular indication of gang organization brought to national attention up to that time.

Little did people of that day foresee what gang organization was to become in this country. Five men executed for the murder of one gambler! Those days—very obviously—are gone forever!

In the St. Valentine's Day Massacre a year ago in Chicago seven gangsters were torn to pieces by machine gun "choppers" in as many minutes. Not a conviction! There have been sixty-four executions in Chicago in the last eleven years—with nearly five thousand homicides.

Or a better instance of comparison! Arnold Rothstein, also a gambler and ninety-nine per cent more viciously important than the dead Rosenthal, was slain November 5, 1928—just

off Broadway, as was Rosenthal. His death sent no one to the chair. Instead, it brought about the fatal physical collapse of the then Commissioner of Police, the retirement of the Chief Inspector and the Chief of Detectives and the discharge or reprimand of a score of hitherto notably capable officers—plus a city-wide political upheaval. Not an indictment remains in the case.

Chicago, with its spectacular corruption and crime, is looked upon askance by equally thirsty but normally more conservative American cities. That look is amusing! In ratio of murder to population, twelve of the larger American cities lead bullet-riddled Chicago.

The menace is national, for where there is booze there are crooks, and where there are crooks there is money and where there is money there is corruption. If you believe that liquor is to be had virtually anywhere in the United States, be certain that those other elements surround it just as surely as night closes in on twilight. The criminal army is waging a national campaign—and winning!

Chicago, the world's Fourth City, has fallen.

And at this troubled juncture of American history the situation every day and in every way becomes harder for the forces of right and softer for the gangster horde. Let's see why——

CHICAGO SURRENDERS

Chapter I

DEATH TAKES A REPORTER

ON JUNE 9, 1930, Alfred G. Lingle, veteran Chicago reporter and authority on crime for the unimpeachable *Chicago Tribune*, strolled into a central subway leading to Illinois Central trains, in Chicago. Two men walked beside him. He was on his way to the Washington Park racetrack, being a daily visitor there and at the other Chicago race meetings.

A moment before he merged with the track-bound crowds, one of four men standing about a roadster at the curb nearby called to him:

"Play Hy Schneider in the third."

"I've got him," said Lingle, smiling, and sauntered along to his death.

Just at the foot of the stairs in the kiosk one of the two men walking beside Lingle—with

or without his knowledge—stepped back and bought a newspaper. He put it under his right arm, ran quickly back to Lingle and, placing a revolver just over Lingle's collar, sent a bullet upward through the reporter's head. He discharged the bullet with his left hand.

Lingle, his cigar still in his mouth, fell dead.

Tossing his revolver beside the body in the stunned group directly at the scene of the killing, the slayer, blond and hatless, ran up the stairs and darted across Michigan Avenue.

Although three hundred persons were within sound of the shot and not fewer than ten saw the killing, only one man pursued the assassin. This man, Patrick Campbell, breathless from the exertion of the pursuit combined with the excitement, called "Catch him" to Policeman Anthony Ruthy on traffic post nearby. The policeman pursued, tardily. He did not know of the killing, so he did not draw his gun.

The slayer, darting through a maze of alleys, escaped, but just before he vanished from the sight of the last pursuer or observer he tossed something aside. It was a gray glove for the

left hand, size 8½, bearing a brand "Martinelli."

No casual killing, this.

How Chicago seethed with the first news of this thug challenge to the Fourth Estate—as it was first supposed to be! Within seventy-two hours rewards totaling $55,000 had been offered for information on which to convict the slayer. Deep black headlines, front page editorials, messages of condolence from newspaper executives throughout the country and such indignation as Chicago—long attuned to vicious killings—has seldom registered. Seventy-two hours more of this attitude, during which the slain newspaperman went to his grave followed by a cortège two miles long.

Then curiosity and suspicion supplanted indignation.

Why had "Jake" Lingle, as he was known for eighteen years in his newspaper and police connections, been killed? Those who had been telling just why, suddenly halted and, instead, began asking. The Press Club of Chicago, which had promptly indicated its purpose of

adding $10,000 to the rewards for information, as promptly forgot about it.

Words sped about—two and two were placed in the usual juxtaposition—and finally there was a flat demand that William Russell, reform Police Chief, be given an immediate furlough "so that he cannot hamper this investigation." The investigation had barely begun when Russell's outright resignation as Chief was demanded and accepted. Deputy Chief John Stege resigned under pressure, also.

It was immediately obvious that Lingle had been killed as the result of a carefully concocted plan of gangdom. But new and confusing details began to provide clews as to why gang organization might want to dispose of the *Tribune's* reporter.

Lingle had known Chief Russell for twenty years, intimately. "Jake's like a son to me," Russell had frequently said.

There was good reason for this attitude, especially in the later and more remunerative years of their long acquaintance. Lingle had a chance to do something big for Russell, and

investigation has indicated that Russell was always ready to do anything he could for Lingle. The things he could do were what brought death to the reporter.

Back in April, 1928, the William Hale Thompson political rodeo had as its motivating purposes the election of three men, primarily. They wanted to elect, or re-elect, Governor Len Small, who had been charged with putting a million dollars of State funds into a bank that never existed; they wanted to elect Frank Smith, who was rejected by the Senate because of his campaign irregularities, and they wanted to re-elect District Attorney Robert E. Crowe.

A few days before the election a bomb blew the front off the home of Judge John A. Swanson, Crowe's opponent, and another removed the front porch of Charles S. Deneen, also opposed to the Thompson machine. The people of Chicago, who take their indignation where they find it, were greatly aroused by these brazen performances. Just at this time a young Negro lawyer, Octavius Granady, decided to run for ward committeeman in the Twentieth Ward,

where he opposed Morris Eller, City Collector of Chicago and a staunch Thompson man. Octavius Granady was shot through the head.

The "better element" of Chicago was promptly up in arms. Not until the first report of Lingle's death, two years later, was there a greater percussion of indignation and determination in the gang-ridden city. At the forefront in expressing this resentment was the *Chicago Tribune*, which has utilized forests of wood pulp in emphasizing what everyone knows about the Thompson organization.

Obviously, it was time for the Thompson group to do something righteous, as is customary in all such noisy predicaments. They would appoint a police head satisfactory to the "better element." Briefly, the *Tribune* in 1928 was in a spot to name a police chief—and its intentions were of the best.

Who would be a satisfactory police chief? What person would be better qualified to know than Jake Lingle, at police headquarters for eighteen years and highly regarded by the newspaper for which he worked? Captain William

Russell had a good record. Lingle, having known him since the days when Russell was pounding pavements as a cop, was for him.

Russell was appointed Chief of Police, August 1, 1928.

It is more than probable that Jake Lingle had no ulterior designs in favoring the appointment of his uniformed friend. The writer knew Lingle for several years. He was an amiable fellow of good appearance, possessing no particular journalistic ability, but a very wide acquaintance and familiarity with the twisted political life of Chicago. He had a sort of roving assignment with the *Tribune* and was what is known as a "leg man" in newspaper parlance. He did not write; he telephoned or told police and gang news to writers of the paper.

With an income of but sixty-five dollars a week it was later shown that he had spent more than $60,000 during the year in which he was slain. Investigation of his activities at the racetracks indicated that he usually bet from one hundred to five hundred dollars a day, and it is possible that a very large proportion of his

money, therefore, was never deposited at a bank nor recorded. His bank record showed repeated deposits of such sums as eight hundred dollars, five hundred dollars and six hundred dollars on successive days over a long period.

What swerved Jake Lingle and brought him wealth and death is typical of what has developed in most of the large cities of the country under Prohibition. The wrong kind of opportunity came to him—opportunity involving such return in money that it is entirely possible that what he accepted was but a fraction of what he might have had were he a typical crook—going the whole hog.

Gangsters can't operate on a satisfactory scale anywhere until they have "got to someone," and in Chicago, with Russell as Chief, backed by the *Tribune*, the thugs had to tread delicately for a time. Certainly they could do nothing through the *Tribune*, and as certainly Russell didn't need any unusual intelligence to watch his step with the *Tribune* observing him. That's where Lingle came in.

In the course of his work he naturally knew

all the "Big Shots" in the Chicago gangs and rackets. They soon let him know what they wanted and he, working in close contact with a police chief who regarded him paternally, had the additional advantage of knowing just where the *Tribune* stood on all matters of importance. He was in an ideal position to be valuable to any gang he favored or annoying to any gang he disliked.

Lingle—long before he was in a position to "hand over the town" to the gang chief—liked Al Capone and frequently said so. He wore a diamond belt buckle, which was a gift from Capone, made several trips to fights, to Florida, and elsewhere with the gang leader and his mob, and was notably brusque to representatives of other gang interests.

It was soon established that Lingle, upon earning his title of "unofficial Chief of Police," bore down hard on the "Bugs" Moran-Aiello gang, Capone's murderous rivals. He made this outfit pay well for gambling, vice and booze privileges, and the protection that they bought at high cost was of low grade. They could

never be sure of it. The Moran outfit was hampered at every turn; granted just enough business to prevent a "blow off." It finally came anyway.

Raid after raid was made upon alcohol-cooking plants of the Aiello and Moran interests, while Capone, content and safe, with his business proceeding in high, served out a one-year term at Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, which he had welcomed.

After the St. Valentine Day 1929 massacre of some of Moran's big shots, the effort to "get" Capone became virtually nation-wide. Killers in every town that Capone might reach were assigned to the job. All gangland knew it; so did Capone. When he got to Philadelphia from Atlantic City, having failed to arrange a peace with the Moran outfit on any terms, Capone, charged with having a concealed weapon, was soon in prison and untroubled.

Twice Lingle went there to "interview" him. Steadily the raids on Moran's remunerative interests in Chicago grew in scope. First, a large group of the Moran-Aiello group of alky cook-

ers deserted and went over to Capone. Later, Frank Foster, one of Moran's principal aides, Ted Newberry, Harry Marks and several lesser gangsters of the organization, turned renegade. A storm of machine-gun bullets riddled the Chicago gang areas in February, 1930. Julius Rosenheim, a crime tipster employed by the *Chicago Daily News*, was among the eighteen gang dead in that month.

Al Capone, released from prison in March, went back to Chicago with a bodyguard the size of which indicated his state of mind.

The situation was too hot. He left for Florida within ten days and as this is written, six months later, he has just returned to Chicago. Twenty of his enemies died in his absence. The impulse which prompted his safe rest in prison was long with him. He successfully fought efforts to oust him from Florida residence, and signed contracts for a new $375,000 home forty miles from Miami—off the road—a veritable fort.

It is of interest to note that Capone has never been in Chicago at any time when a major kill-

ing attributed to his organization has occurred. Also, it is to be noted that allegiances in gangland or with corrupt persons in power are not everlasting.

When State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin was mowed down by machine-gun bullets near the Capone headquarters in Cicero, April 27, 1926, Capone was absent. Two months later, in his own good time, he consented to surrender on the Indiana state line for questioning.

The gist of his statement was this:

"I was no foe of McSwiggin. I paid him and I paid him plenty."

When seven of "Bugs" Moran's toughest gangsters were caught off guard at their headquarters in Chicago and lined up to be cut to pieces with machine-gun bullets, Capone was, at that moment, talking with the District Attorney of Miami, having come in on his own initiative to ask a question.

Capone was in Florida when notified of the death of Jake Lingle. Eleven of his gang foes in Chicago had died in the preceding ten days.

Let us examine some of the details of Lingle's death.

To begin with, the gun which killed Jake Lingle was bought by Frank Foster and Ted Newberry, two gangsters who had deserted the Moran outfit for Capone's organization a few months before Lingle was slain. And the history of that gun is as good an indication as anything could be of the surrender of Chicago to gang rule. We'll trace it.

This .38 caliber Colt was of the snub-nosed type particularly handy in the specially tailored waist pockets affected by gangsters. It and five similar weapons were bought by Foster and Newberry at one time.

The man who sold the guns to these notorious gangsters was Peter von Frantzius, gunsmith, to whose shop guns used in numerous gang killings had previously been traced. In this instance there would have been scant possibility of the gun being identified were it not for the fact that Colonel Calvin Goddard, head of the Northwestern University crime detection laboratory and the country's foremost ballistic

expert, was immediately available. He was assisted by Coroner Herman Bundeson, who, occupying that position in Chicago, would naturally know all about bullets and their effects.

With the greatest difficulty the filed-off numbers of the gun were brought out by scientific processes after a week's work. Von Frantzius, armorer to the gangs, had sold it! He it was who had supplied the machine guns used in the horrible St. Valentine Day massacre.

Exposed by the revived numbers, von Frantzius gave a graphic insight into his business and the Chicago situation in describing the sale of the guns.

"Newberry took three and Foster the other three," he explained. "Later Newberry came back and asked me to file off the number of one of the guns very carefully, deeper than I usually do. I filed it very deep, so it could never be traced. Newberry called for the gun and was satisfied."

That was the gun which killed Jake Lingle in the subway on June 9.

Frank Foster, the Moran renegade, had left

Chicago two days after the Lingle killing. When arrested in Los Angeles, he decided to fight extradition "because my life won't be worth a nickel in that town." Within a few days he announced that he had learned of a plan to "get" him in Los Angeles and consented to start for Chicago immediately and unexpectedly with four Chicago detectives. What he had to tell the detectives was impressive enough to lead them home in a roundabout course, using two railroad systems.

Forty miles from Chicago Foster was taken from the second train and, accompanied by two police squads in motors, rushed into town and into jail. The necessity for this precaution will be presently illustrated in relation to the case of one Jack Zuta, who was also under police guard in the Lingle inquiry. Police protection means little in Chicago!

It was obvious from the outset that the police were loath to consider Foster the slayer. For one reason, it would upset all the plans and clews announced by them in the heat of public demand for action in the case. Furthermore,

inasmuch as the Moran gang had been deprived of political backing for a long time, there was less chance of a spectacular exposé of the political criminal hook-up if the murder were ascribed to slayers of that group.

To give a slant into this mess the reader will be interested in one James (Red) Forsythe and what about him. The police decided upon this Moran-Aiello gangster at the outset as the slayer of Lingle. They were searching the country for him while he was in Chicago. And they apparently had him surrounded by a posse off in the woods at Brown's Lake, Wisconsin, one day when the writer happened to see him standing in front of the Plymouth Hotel in New York, polishing his nails, as gangsters will nowadays.

Forsythe, whose alias is Fawcett, was one of a trio who killed "Big Tim" Murphy, prominent Chicago racketeer, in front of his home two years ago. John Hand and Frank Noonan, well-known gangsters, were with him. The police picked up Hand and "gave him the works," and a few days later Noonan and For-

sythe, obviously advised as to the tenor of Hand's conduct, gave themselves up and were held a few days. The police were forced to turn them all out because they had nothing on them. All three were released, but in three days Hand was found shot to death: a single bullet in the back of the head just over the collar, similar to the Lingle shot.

Just before Hand had been arrested and induced by the police to talk—at least to some extent—John Clay, a factor in a cleaning-and-dyeing union, had been killed by three men. The police learned that the men were Noonan, Forsythe and Hand.

Clay had refused to chip in for the fund raised for the slayers of Murphy, whose death was brought about by his effort to muscle into the cleaning-and-dyeing racket in Chicago. Hand, his pals decided, was a dangerous man to have around with a series of murders on his soul—or tongue.

With the death of Lingle stool pigeons—right or wrong—informed the police that Forsythe had been given $10,000 by the Moran-Aiello

gang to kill Lingle. But they were uncertain whether he had accepted the job, and information of that type was not easy to get even in gang circles when the town got "hot" after the Lingle shot. For the reader's information, let it be stated that Forsythe had been on the payroll of Corporation Counsel Ettelson's office in Chicago. Just a nice boy, with friends.

It was made clear that among inducements offered Forsythe by Moran's gang was that the scene of the murder would be swarming with gangsters to avert possibility of red-handed arrest. Also, "there's no danger in it for this guy Lingle is hooked up with guys who will put a quilt over the whole thing right away." Both predictions worked out.

Obviously, the police were aware that the Moran-Aiello mob had motive enough for the Lingle killing. As the body of the reporter rested in the subway after the shooting, Chief Russell and Deputy Chief John Stege, both soon to be deposed, arrived and talked with immediate purpose. Stege asked, white-faced, "What about grabbing 'em right now?"

"Wait," said Russell. "Give them a half hour to get back there, then smash in."

Within an hour a raiding force had crashed into the Moran-Aiello headquarters. They arrested Dominic Aiello, the least important of nine brothers, and found on the premises two machine guns, eight sawed-off shotguns and three automatic revolvers. Later they were to learn that a dozen sneering members of the Moran outfit had watched this raid from a nearby flat, including Jack Zuta, the doomed "hood" who had paid for Lingle's death.

Naturally, with the opportunities of the powerful Lingle in a wide-open city, there developed confusion of evidence with the discovery of a profusion of possible motives for getting him out of the way.

Three examples will suffice, although countless other circumstances might be quoted.

On the very night that Lingle was slain, it had been the intention of Joey Josephs and Julian ("Potatoes") Kaufman to re-open a gambling joint known as the Sheridan Wave Club. This elaborately fitted-out resort had

been raided by the police under Russell soon after the St. Valentine Day massacre in 1929 at the Moran headquarters, but its owners in some manner became assured that they could resume play! Engraved invitations were sent forth announcing the opening for June 9, but investigators learned that two days before the anticipated activity and Lingle's unanticipated death word had come to the club backers, including "Bugs" Moran, that $15,000 must be paid Lingle or the party was off. There was argument aplenty, and finally the club moguls promised to give Lingle a "cut"—as soon as the club was going good and the money coming in. This offer Lingle refused. That was one motive. Plenty motive!

Another: Three days before Lingle was killed, police from the State's Attorney's office raided the Biltmore Athletic Club, a gambling joint on Chicago's West Side. The gamblers were amazed, and with reason. The following day Lingle called an investigator for the State's Attorney's office and said, "You people got me in a fine jam. I told those people over at the

Biltmore they could run. I didn't know they were going to pop off with a bang like that."

Another: A week before, Lingle had been threatened by John J. ("Boss") McLaughlin, politician, gambler and racketeer. According to Patrick Roche, investigator for State's Attorney Swanson, McLaughlin came to see Mr. Swanson with a proposition which a few years ago would have been ridiculous in any city but Chicago, but which today would not be amazing in any large city of the country. McLaughlin wanted to ask the State's Attorney personally, and as an old friend, to permit him to open a gambling resort. He explained that he was broke. During his plea he recalled that he had been a State Senator long ago when Mr. Swanson served in a like capacity.

"The State's Attorney," Roche explained, "gave no definite answer."

In a few days Lingle called up Roche and said that McLaughlin was trying to get away with something.

"I told him that McLaughlin had not been given permission to open by Mr. Swanson and

McLaughlin soon learned that he had better not try to. He blamed Lingle for interfering with plans that were vital to him, and Lingle told me that he had met McLaughlin in the Sherman Hotel lobby and that McLaughlin cursed him roundly and said: 'I'll catch up with you, Mister.' "

Those three clews were immediately obvious with the killing of Lingle, but all the people available in the three sets of circumstances were questioned and turned out by the police because there was nothing tangible on which to hold them. They liked Lingle, they said!

Slowly—so slowly that the lay mind can scarcely comprehend it—the police began to pay some attention to Foster, the man whose gun was used in the killing and who for that reason alone had been indicted.

Honest policemen, and they are not numerous in some quarters, began to poke holes in the supposedly undying friendship between Lingle and Capone. It was true that when Capone was imprisoned for two days in connection with the murder of State's Attorney

McSwiggin, in 1926, he had refused to eat any food except that brought to him by Lingle personally. The reporter at that time had Capone's confidence to an unusual degree, but other and not so friendly relations were recalled by those in a position to recall anything.

Capone had resented Lingle's habit of dropping into the former's tailor and getting four or five suits at a time. He had not been so very keen about Lingle's advice in the matter of dog tracks, since that advice cost Capone about a million dollars.

For a year after Lingle came into power the dog tracks—lushest of all sporting grafts—were running in full kioodle around Chicago. Lingle was known to have protected these tracks to the limit of his ability, but when dissention developed between the Russell regime and the State's Attorney's office, repeated raids were made on the tracks by the State's Attorney's forces. For a time the costly plants were kept going under an injunction issued by Judge Harry Fisher, but the Supreme Court finally ruled that dog-racing was illegal in Illinois.

When this developed, Capone, thoroughly riled at heavy expenditures and the failure of his supposedly adequate protection, quarreled with Lingle, saying: "Well, the racket is through, and as far as I'm concerned, so are you."

The indications are that Lingle, who was consistently improvident, had received $100,000 out of the dog-track proposition predicated on the fact that, after the first heavy cost of establishing the tracks, the return would net the gangsters about $1,000,000 a year.

It is known that Capone and Lingle were not on the best of terms in March, 1930, when Capone was released from the Eastern Penitentiary. The angle on that situation is interesting. Capone had taken a year in prison because of his dread that he might not live a year elsewhere. The fear that he took into prison with him had not vanished when it was time for him to get out, and, convinced of his danger, he enlisted even the prison authorities in an effort at secrecy regarding the time and the means and the location of his release. Capone is no coward—but he is no fool, either.

Into this situation came Lingle. The very basis of his power was his connection with his newspaper. The release of Capone was a matter of pertinent news to a Chicago newspaper. Lingle arrived in Philadelphia with Capone followers and for several days was in touch with Capone. He was to have an "inside story" of the release, Capone's plans and destination, and was to accompany the gang leader when released. Capone, considering his own safety far above Lingle's journalistic responsibilities, slipped away with his guards. He left the valuable Lingle waiting with his suitcase for hours in front of the Penitentiary. Lingle's paper, knowing his friendship for Capone, was astounded when he was completely beaten on a story which he seemed to have in the hollow of his hand.

It was known that Lingle resented that episode bitterly. It was mighty clumsy!

True, there was no change noted in the ease with which Capone interests went about their operations in Chicago thereafter and the constant difficulties encountered by their rival

gangs, but inasmuch as a routine had been established during Capone's stay in prison, any personal differences between Lingle and Capone might not have interfered with a set criminal-police policy involving millions of dollars.

However, either in light of these developments, or because of some unavoidable circumstance that could not be smothered, the police became belatedly attentive to their prisoner, Frank Foster.

He had been connected with the crime as early as June 20, was brought back from Los Angeles on June 29 and was indicted on July 3. Therefore, be surprised to learn that Policeman Anthony Ruthy, who had pursued the man who ran from the subway kiosk following the killing of Jake Lingle, got his first look at Foster on July 30. Brought into court, when his lawyers sought to have him released on bail, Foster was confronted by the policeman.

"That's the man," said the policeman, evidently under a great strain.

"Do you recognize his face?" asked the court.

Foster is neither blond nor left-handed.

"No, the side of him," said the policeman, and another important Chicago killing seemed poised for oblivion.

Chapter II

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

WHEN a wide-open town gets scared it represents the zenith of chaos. In the ten days preceding the death of Lingle eleven Chicago gangsters were shot to death. But when Lingle fell there was a terrific scramble as the underworld tigers, political hyenas and police bulls milled around in vast and headless panic.

Speakeasies closed as if a city-wide lever had been pulled; Chicago's "mobs" vanished in thin air and all of the multitudinous "grifts" requiring any kind of protection were suspended pronto.

Mayor Thompson, who can scarcely ever be found, interviewed, or reached by 'phone or wire, issued a statement from some hidden cave that he'd stand by Chief Russell to the last

ditch. But those who usually inform him about things doubtless gave him a new insight into what was happening in and around Chicago. Russell and his Deputy John Stege were soon out of office. There was talk of a mass meeting to ask Thompson to resign, an idea which has been put forth a thousand times for a thousand reasons.

"The administration is simply reeking with every type of corruption," said Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, and he was amened indignantly by every representative group in the city.

It was one of those occasions heretofore mentioned: when in doubt pick a good Chief of Police! John H. Alcock, for thirty years an honest nuisance in a crooked force, got the job. But he knew the ropes of the Chicago political gallows and in accepting he absolutely refused to be more than an Acting Commissioner, retaining his civil service rating as a deputy.

He contributed to the scheduled big show of righteousness which Chicago always puts on in a crisis. He transferred 1,114 police officers

and men in the greatest shake-up the department had ever known. Half of those men were crooks; he knew it, but until the political thieves regained their composure he at least put the known hogs in barren stys.

Scores of detectives, who had been shunted to outlying stations after making important hoodlum arrests, were brought back into the central bureaus and told to go to it. But Alcock, a veteran cop, could well predict just what will and has always occurred after these brilliant efficiency pantomimes. Eight years before he had been Chief and a good one. Too good. The politicians had him out of there in a hurry!

But strange things indeed happened in the town-rocking stress following the Lingle shot.

Ralph Capone, brother of the mighty Al, was sentenced to three years in prison and fined $10,000 for income-tax evasion. Two of his places, the Cotton Club and the Montmartre, were raided and closed for liquor violations. Jack McGurn, machine-gun man for Capone,

was convicted on a gun-toting charge giving him a year in jail.

Anthony ("Red") Kissane was given a year on a similar charge. He had been employed, he said, by Jake Lingle. Robert Emmet Ryan, another bodyguard of Lingle, got a year in the workhouse for his automatic, also.

Mike Casseli and Vito Ficki, factors in Chicago's "bomb trust," were given twenty-five-year terms in prison. Amazing! They had been arrested by Joseph Altmeir, of the State's Attorney's force, who was promptly slain by gangsters.

One of Al Capone's largest breweries—the largest, in fact, in Chicago—was seized by Federal Prohibition agents, and twelve of the Capone stills in Cicero were raided. The Chicago loop—without beer or protection! Briefly!

Two raids in a week on liquor belonging to the "Bugs" Moran gang were made possible by a first raid on the gang's offices in Michigan Avenue; the total booze taken by the Federal agents was worth $55,000.

More than six hundred gangsters were

rounded up by the newly active police, and seven additional gangsters were killed in June, following the Lingle death.

All of this was good percentage, especially in view of the fact that this latter contingent of gangsters taken for a ride included Lorenzo Juliano and other gang factors of caliber.

Just to give a slant on the type of deaths among the gangmen which are calculated to please the police, we will halt a moment on Juliano. He had been arrested twenty-six times, and the charges included bombings, murder, blackmail, assault and sale of alcohol. He was a friend of Capone.

As early as 1928 his record included eight murders and fourteen bombings, for when he was arrested on a Prohibition charge with Frank Basile on December 8, 1928, Basile turned State's evidence and recited the crimes of which Juliano was then guilty. Trial was set for January 3, but meanwhile Basile, the informer, was taken for a ride on December 11; Juliano was suspected, naturally, since he was out on bail. A friend of his, said to have participated

in the murder of Basile, was Tony Feltrun. Feltrun was arrested and promised leniency if he "squealed." He committed suicide in his cell December 26.

Juliano's death was a relief to the police. He was not shot. Every bone in his body was broken.

One might wonder how such a creature as Juliano could escape from the law, but things happen in Chicago courts that are hard to understand.

The attorneys for gangsters in Chicago have methods that are somewhat unique, and perhaps the best way of illustrating the matter is through a prosecutor in Baltimore, who, on the day the body of Juliano was found, happened to be engaged with another Chicago gangster, William Niemoth, charged with several hold-ups in the Maryland city.

The attorney for Niemoth was W. W. O'Brien, formerly an Assistant State's Attorney in Chicago and more recently attorney for Chicago gangsters. He was with Heimie Weiss, noted gunman, when Weiss and his bodyguard

were killed by machine-gun bullets in Chicago, October 11, 1926. At that time O'Brien was seriously wounded.

Here's what State's Attorney O'Conor, of Baltimore, had to say when O'Brien had presented his case for Niemoth after the Chicago manner:

"If we are going to have a law-abiding community then you must convict this criminal and send back to Chicago this spokesman for gangdom, who has come here to insult us by his presence.

"I have never in my life heard a respectable community besmirched as Baltimore has been by the exhibition you have seen. This man's tactics may be used elsewhere for defending vicious gangsters, but we will stand for none of them in Maryland. Such wilful distortion of facts would only be used where the slime of gangland trails across the floors of the temples of justice."

Niemoth, incidentally, got ten years.

But let us return to Chicago, where things are in process of being cleaned up in some instances and whitewashed in others.

With Charles Rathbun, attorney for the *Tribune*, in charge of the investigation of the Lingle death, by appointment of the State's Attorney, complaints were uttered throughout the city to the effect that nothing was being reported about any progress.

Alderman Arthur F. Albert, always a crusader against crime, insisted that the City Council investigate the police department. He charged:

"It is perfectly obvious that these terrible crimes are due to the connivance of police and gangsters. Chicago is governed by police captains for police captains. Let us find out why these officers are riding around in Lincoln automobiles and living like millionaires while men are being shot down constantly in our streets. There is no remedy in transferring crooks from station to station. Guilty police should be sent to the penitentiary."

So on June 21 the Council investigation started with a bang—and on June 25 it blew up with a slight whistle.

A subcommittee had been enthusiastically ap-

pointed on the first day, and on the fourth day it reported that any investigation would embarrass the new heads of the police department, cost money and get nowhere.

"Pure whitewash," roared Alderman Albert in the Council chamber. "This Council voted unanimously for an investigation and what's happened to it? Are we going to run crooked police captains to hell out of Chicago or aren't we?"

It was suggested that the State's Attorney should do it.

"He's helpless," said Alderman Albert. "I want to get the facts through our investigation and put them in his lap, just as you give a baby a rattle. The baby can't do anything for himself; neither can the State's Attorney."

Alderman Thomas Bowler, bracing himself for a set speech, started with Magna Charta and the Constitution but was interrupted by Alderman Albert, actually in tears.

"From this day I am through," exclaimed Mr. Albert. "There is no use in trying to be honest, sincere or efficient. I'm fed up and for-

ever. I'll never run for Alderman again."

Whereupon the Council gathered around him, begging him to cheer up and not to take anything too seriously.

Which settled the big Council investigation of the police. Another surrender!

Events were soon crowding about Acting Commissioner Alcock. On July 15 he announced that he was demanding the suppression of crime from every individual police captain in each given precinct.

He announced that he would bring the captains before a trial board.

"Do you mean that a captain will be held accountable to the trial board for an unusual amount of crime in his district?" he was asked.

"Exactly," said the Acting Commissioner. "Inefficiency will not be tolerated. They'll go on trial."

That was July 15. On July 25 the State's Attorney's office made a spectacular raid on a gambling resort in the district of Captain Alex Christianson, in which district the crime record was none too good, and where, according to sub-

sequently discovered records of the Moran gang, $3,500 was paid weekly for police protection. Alcock was questioned whether Captain Christianson would be put on trial.

The Acting Commissioner announced he had changed his mind, or something had. He was impatient. "Things are confusing," he said.

Asked frankly what he considered the basis of the vast growth of crime in Chicago and the examples of collusion between police and gangsters, the Commissioner said:

"The whole basis is the Volstead Act. Prior to its introduction we had hold-up men, safe-blowers and robbers, it's true, but we put away from seventy-five to ninety per cent of them and kept supervision of those paroled. But when they got into the beer and moonshine business they had money and could get away with things.

"Others without penitentiary records joined them and the business was organized and perfected. Today it is the most perfect nation-wide organization imaginable. They syndicated this city, drove every honest man out of the

saloon business by confiscating or bombing his place, and the racketeers with their millions are now in possession. They have set their own prices and given themselves such financial power that they have been able to hire the smartest legal talent in the country to figure out protection for them. They are in the saddle today. About anything they want they can buy."

Three days after the killing of Lingle, Ted Newberry, gangster, who was subsequently to take over the North Side territory for Capone, was picked up by New Jersey police as he was on his way to the Sharkey-Schmeling fight in New York. When he and his six gangster companions were searched no guns were found on them, but their financial equipment was a perfect illustration of Commissioner Alcock's statement. The smallest amount found on any of the gangsters was $8,500. Newberry had $17,000 in a roll of bills. They were released in time for the fight, but later Newberry was eagerly sought when evidence indicated that he had been near the scene of the Lingle killing. He finally took over the direction of the North

Side territory when the Capone gang drove the remnants of the "Bugs" Moran gang out of Chicago, as will be set forth.

Lingle had the gangster habit of flaunting his bankroll. At one time he was known to have had twenty one-thousand-dollar bills in his pockets at police headquarters. His fellow newspapermen whistled—and recalled the incident with the first bulletin of his murder.

Investigation of Lingle's bank accounts and papers showed that, with Chief Russell, he had established a joint stock-market account which amounted at one time to more than one hundred thousand dollars. Lingle was said to have lost $180,000 in Simmons Bed alone in the stock market crash.

Aside from any income from his gang affiliations, he was shown to have borrowed from many persons well known in Chicago. Sammy Hare, owner of the Dells Roadhouse outside of Chicago, was listed for a $20,000 loan to Lingle; Jimmy Moni, a gambler, for $2,000; a sizeable loan from Alderman Bert Cronson was recorded, and Major Carlos Ames, president of the Civil

Service Commission, got $1,000 back after loaning Lingle $2,500. Corporation Counsel Ettelson, who has a better title to the honor of "unofficial Mayor" than all the other "unofficial" officers of Chicago, indignantly denied that he had loaned Lingle $5,000.

Incidentally, Donald R. Richberg, prominent Chicago lawyer and liberal, in an address before the City Club during the stress of the Lingle investigation, had something to say about Ettelson that was of interest.

He said:

"Is it possible that the people of Chicago can read their daily papers and yet remain ignorant of the interlocking relations between public utility control and corruption of government and the political protection of crime?

"The close relationship between 'Jake' Lingle and the police department has been published in the Chicago papers. Out-of-town newspapers describe Lingle even more bluntly as having been 'the unofficial chief of police of Chicago.' But Lingle was also strangely intimate with Al Capone, our most notorious gangster.

"Surely all Chicago knows that Samuel Ettelson, Mr. Insull's political lawyer, who is corporation counsel of Chicago, is also the chief operator of the city government. Thompson is only a figure-head. Are we to believe that there existed an unofficial chief of police associating with the most vicious gang in Chicago, without the knowledge of Mr. Ettelson—who is neither deaf nor blind, but, on the contrary, has a reputation of knowing everything worth knowing about City Hall affairs?

"Newspapers have reported in detail an enormous income obtained by Lingle from unknown sources—perhaps a natural result of being an 'unofficial chief of police' and a friend of gangsters plundering the town. Recently the Chicago papers reported the arrest and conviction of a gunman who said he was working for 'Jake' Lingle.

"And now we read that a man named Forsythe or Fawcett is accused of the Lingle murder and it is also reported that the last time this man was arrested in a gangster hangout he was released when it was found that he was

working in Ettelson's office in the City Hall."

Among the checks in Lingle's accounts was one for five hundred dollars to Captain Daniel Gilbert, in charge of the Central Police Station in Chicago—and countless smaller ones from persons in official position. Money, money, money!

Here are Lingle's larger deposits in one bank over the period in which his activities are questioned. His newspaper salary, it should be recalled, was $65 a week.

1928.	Currency.	1928.	Currency.
April 3.....	$300	Sept. 29.....	100
May 7.....	100	Oct. 1.....	500
May 11.....	500	Oct. 2.....	1,000
June 6.....	1,600	Oct. 4.....	700
June 9.....	600	Oct. 8.....	500
June 16.....	800	Oct. 9.....	900
July 3.....	1,200	Oct. 15.....	450
July 2.....	500	Oct. 18.....	300
July 5.....	300	Oct. 26.....	2,000
July 14.....	350	Nov. 1.....	2,000
July 16.....	300	Nov. 30.....	1,500
July 18.....	1,000	Dec. 3.....	500
July 30.....	400	Dec. 4.....	1,000
Aug. 27.....	300	Dec. 14.....	1,500
Aug. 28.....	900	Dec. 15.....	500
Sept. 12.....	1,500	Dec. 26.....	1,300
Sept. 15.....	600		
Sept. 28.....	300	Total	$26,600
Sept. 28, silver	300		

1929. Currency.		1929. Currency.	
Jan. 21	$500	Dec. 17	1,500
Jan. 30	1,000	Dec. 24	700
March 4	1,000		
March 5	1,500	Total	$25,100
April 8	2,500		
April 9	1,200	1930. Currency.	
June 27	800	Jan. 13	$300
July 1	400	Jan. 30	1,000
July 2	500	Feb. 25	1,300
July 9	400	March 5	500
July 22	800	March 7	300
July 23	300	March 24	200
July 24	400	March 31	300
July 26	500	May 2	1,000
July 30	1,000	May 3	1,600
Sept. 12	500	May 13	600
Sept. 13	700	June 2	1,000
Sept. 23	700	June 3	3,000
Sept. 24	700	June 9	1,200
Oct. 1	1,500		
Oct. 11	1,600		
Nov. 21	5,000	Total	$12,300

Gangsters pay well for anyone or anything they can use. Considering the spot he was in, Lingle was certainly not overpaid, from a gang viewpoint. Gangstering, with its countless attendant currents of income, is as remunerative in cities throughout this country, proportionately, as in Chicago. Six million dollars a week is the estimated income for Chicago's racketeers

pouring in from seven thousand speakeasies, twenty-five hundred disorderly houses and two hundred major gambling places, in addition to the fifteen hundred handbooks on the races.

Here's how the revenue stacks up:

Booze, beer and alcohol	$3,250,000
Gambling houses and handbooks	1,500,000
Hotel resorts, call flats and houses	1,000,000
Labor rackets, blackmail bombing, etc.	500,000
	$6,250,000

The speakeasies average five barrels of beer and three cases of whiskey a week and the mobs set the price of beer at $55 a barrel and whiskey at $90 a case.

Aside from the speakeasies, there are about eight thousand other outlets for Chicago liquor, including drug stores, gin flats and bootleggers on call in apartment houses. It runs per week in the city to a total of about seventy-five thousand gallons of alcohol in various forms.

All of these operations swooped down to a new minimum when Chicago went berserk with the Lingle killing and the subsequent revelations and police upheaval. But they were soon

operating on all cylinders, for it's impossible permanently to scare tough hombres who can get $55 a barrel for beer that costs them $7. There's plenty leeway for the "fix."

Canadian whiskey, up to the time of the ban on exports to the United States, cost the large operators about $45 a case. The Chicago operator sells it for $90, but in no circumstances whatever does a retail buyer get the whiskey as it comes from Canada. One-third Canadian, one-third 80-proof alcohol and one-third water is the usual cut, and when the bootlegger is through your $90 case costs him $20.

The sweetest graft in the business is on alcohol. Moonshine alcohol distilled from corn runs to 65 cents, never higher than $1 a gallon. The price to the retailer varies: never lower than $4, seldom higher than $9. Plenty of "loose" in all these transactions to take care of the cops, political crooks and others in a position to "go along."

Chicago's swankier gambling houses average about $5,000 to $6,000 apiece, in the clear, weekly. There are shabbier and less remunera-

tive ones in great numbers. The Sheridan Wave, which was to have opened on the night that Lingle died, was perhaps the swankiest. Before it was closed, following the massacre of Moran's gangsters, it was run on a de luxe plan. All food and drink—the best—was gratis. Most of the players wore evening clothes and lost—which always alters one's appearance. Out-of-town losers got their carfare and necessities. They shot losers from California.

There are more than twelve thousand places in Chicago where a bet may be made on a horse, and the two thousand handbooks operating clean up about five hundred dollars a week each.

Every one of these operations, and the labor and vice rackets as well, came to a dead stop when Lingle fell. But there was not a ripple in the course of their usual activities within a month. On went Chicago, as usual, headlong!

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Chapter III

BULLETS FOR TALKERS

WITH citizens intently observing the activities of every factor of potential law-enforcement—and bitterly critical of them all—there developed two spectacular examples of police futility in relation to gang sentences of death, both involving police witnesses.

On the theory that the "Bugs" Moran gang had ordered and paid for the execution of Jake Lingle, the police set a watch for Jack Zuta, crafty "brains" of the Moran-Aiello organization and director of its vice ring. He was found with a girl—that was inevitable—and was taken with her and two minor members of the Moran gang to police headquarters.

From the moment of his arrest the drawn-faced gangster made it clear to the police that

he was marked for death. He made countless suggestions about where to question him—if the police considered it necessary—and how to guard him. Even surrounded by police at headquarters he avoided all windows.

"I'm a dead man," he repeated endlessly. He was right, too.

Things were indeed "hot" in Chicago gangland. Even Frank Foster, when brought from Los Angeles, had first suggested to his Chicago police-guard that the trip be made by airplane, insisting that he could never be brought alive into the city and through "the Loop." He consented to pay for the airplane passage, and to show that there was nothing in the back of his mind about the opportunities of such a trip, suggested that the officers themselves select and hire the pilot and plane. The extreme subsequent caution evidenced by the police when bringing Foster into Chicago clearly established the fact that they gave Foster's basis for alarm full credence. But they got away with it. Zuta was not so lucky.

"I'll be killed the minute I leave this build-

ing," he said at the Detective Bureau. "Don't stand around looking sleepy. Do you cops want me killed? Here's the time I'll get it, if you're going to leave me to it. All of my people are hiding away. You cops have got to look out for me." He looked around wildly. "My God, I'm a goner—I know it."

Zuta, at his request, was placed in a cell overlooked by no other building, while the necessary details of releasing him on bail for appearance in court were made.

Assuming that his enemies would be watching for a squad car, Zuta asked Lieutenant George Barker to slip out with him in Barker's own car, which was in the alley at headquarters. Apparently they made it successfully. They were soon on their way north toward the Moran territory, in which Zuta would be safe. "The Loop," containing police headquarters, the Chicago City Hall and most of the law-enforcing machinery of the city, is "Capone Territory." That's long since been granted and recognized!

As Barker's car turned at Quincy and State

Streets, with Zuta on the floor in its rear and jabbering with fear, there was a sudden collision. A Chrysler sedan was driven squarely at the Barker car, nearly overturning it, and a shower of bullets came from the attacking sedan.

Lieutenant Barker drew his gun and immediately began firing. The sedan swung around with gang guns popping and sped west. Barker and other policemen commandeered cars and pursued, but the gangster car, barely averting a dozen crashes as it ignored all signal lights, vanished at terrific speed. Barker hurried back to the scene of the fusillade. Zuta had vanished. Smashed glass from the store windows about made the State Street White Way a crystal maze.

A great crowd gathered about a street-car nearby. The motorman, Elbert Lusader, for twenty years with the company, had been shot dead by a stray bullet. With his last conscious gesture he had turned off the power of the crowded car. Another group surrounded Olaf Svenste, an employee of the Standard Club,

lying seriously wounded on the sidewalk at the side of Barker's car.

It became obvious to Patrick Roche, chief investigator for the State's Attorney's office, that Zuta's certainty of attack and the rapid verification of his fears connected him definitely with the gang issue at hand—the Lingle killing.

The following Saturday—this attack had occurred on Tuesday night, June 31—Zuta did not appear in court and his bail was forfeited.

"Needless to say," explained his attorney, Benjamin Cohen, "my client must protect himself; he is certain of death if he appears in Chicago at this time. In view of recent developments he can hardly expect adequate protection."

It was reported that Zuta was hiding away in Kentucky, but in reality he was at the Lakeview Hotel, Upper Nemahbin Lake, near Delafield, Wisconsin. For a brief time he was safe. Then, July 31, one month after he had escaped death in Barker's car, his execution squad caught up with him.

On the night of his murder, Zuta, registered

as J. H. Goodman, of Aurora, was in the dance pavilion adjoining the hotel. Twenty couples were dancing. He was the life of the party and, having obtained a handful of nickels, placed them next to a mechanical piano.

"Every time she stops," he called, "the nearest one will feed her a nickel. Let's go. This is the life!"

Even as the announcement was made three men in the outer dark picked the doorman of the pavilion up bodily and carried him to an automobile nearby. One, poking him in the ribs with a gun, sat in the back seat with him. The doorman, Joe Selby, saw about eight well-dressed men—gangsters—as they separated at the corner of the pavilion. Five went inside.

Zuta, dancing within, had just passed the door of the pavilion with his partner when the five men, one carrying a machine gun, took him by the shoulders. He fell to the floor, not a vestige of color in his usually florid face. They picked him up calmly.

Not a word was spoken as two of the men carried him bodily to the corner in which the

piano stood. He was put on a chair. A gangster stood on either side of him; the man with the machine gun stood ten feet away, ready. Two others, guns drawn, herded the dancers in another corner away from the door. It had all taken but a few moments.

Zuta, rigid and speechless, never once looked toward his casual murderer. He was just falling from the chair when the men beside him stepped away and the "chopper" set the machine gun in action. A row of bullets cut across the piano with a crash of glass and tinkle of music. The herded dancers turned away in horror as the killer got the range of the prostrate Zuta. Twenty-eight bullets ended his life.

"Don't come out of this place," said the killer, turning to the group of dancers. Most of the men were seeking to revive unconscious women. The five killers walked out, making no effort to hide their faces.

"O. K.," said one of them to the guard with the pavilion doorman. The guard promptly struck the doorman over the head with a pistol butt and threw him out of the car, unconscious.

Two cars, already faced for the entrance of the pavilion yard, roared out on to the roadway and away.

In Zuta's pockets, aside from $2,000 in large bills, Sheriff Herbrand and District Attorney Salen, of Wakesha, soon on the scene, found a book obviously recording transactions of the Moran-Aiello gang. They were trivial compared with what Zuta, in his grave, was later to reveal.

"Accts. Rec., retail, July 23, 1930," the first name and amount was "Albam, $270." The police presumed this referred to the Club Alabam at Rush Street and Chicago Avenue, a night club. Another entry was "Art L., $465.55," and the police believed this meant Art Lowe, proprietor of the Wigwam Café.

Further on in the list was the entry "Morrie W., $1,100.00, and this was supposed to mean Morrie Wallman, who in times past has operated north side cafés and was at one time a partner of Ted Newberry. Another name on Zuta's books was "Jimmie G.," believed to be intended for Jimmie Galligan, café manager.

The account in the name of "La Paree" supposedly referred to a North Side café of similar name, and two accounts under numbers were presumed to be street addresses of soft drink parlors in the old Moran territory.

The name "Elrod" in Zuta's accounts receivable recalled that Arthur X. Elrod, formerly a city employee, had been arrested in the headquarters of the Moran-Aiello-Zuta syndicate in the American Bond and Mortgage Company building, where raiders had found the headquarters of a North Side punch-board racket.

Repeated entries noted money paid to "Geo." in quantities of $4,000 and $5,000 at two-day intervals. This was apparently the "take" of George ("Bugs") Moran from some of the gang's activities even in days when business was so curtailed as to make the Lingle murder motive obvious to the informed, but none too active, police of Chicago.

The last of these entries to "Geo." was July 23. The police wondered at that. The amount paid to "Geo." in five days had been $35,225,

according to this record, and everything about the record showed it to be genuine. Where was "Geo."?

Gangsters had fled precipitately from Chicago with the Lingle killing.

It was assumed that Moran had been under cover for more than a month before that last entry in the Zuta record. Why did it stop?

As this is written, a month after the payments to "Geo." halted in the midst of his gang's operations, the police, usually informed either accurately or vaguely by stool pigeons of the whereabouts of gang powers, have no trace of Moran and certain others. Perhaps they will turn up again, unfortunately, but the situation is thus, as these facts have been set down:

Moran and his bodyguard, Leo Mongoven, have been missing for a month, as are Willie Higgins and Benny Bennett, two supposed new pillars of the Moran organization who joined up with Moran to show the Capone outfit where it got off in its effort to invade the North Shore resorts of the Moran-Aiello gang. Bennett was

from New York; Higgins was a St. Paul racketeer.

Robert Schmidt, known as "Frisco Dutch," also suddenly disappeared, from all reports of stool pigeons. He had been a constant companion of Eugene ("Red") McLaughlin who, just prior to the Lingle killing, vanished. His body, riddled, was later found in the drainage canal.

On Zuta's body was found a revolver that he never had a chance to use. It was identical with the Lingle death gun, being one of the six bought by Foster and Newberry, when they were Moran-Aiello "rods."

On the night the killing of Zuta was accomplished, Al Capone, recently returned from Florida to the Chicago scene, was entertaining one hundred of his gangsters at his hotel in Cicero and looking over the situation caused by various Federal raids during July.

Meanwhile, there had come to the police a very definite tip as to the whereabouts of Fred Burke, perhaps the most vicious individual gang killer in this country. He was one of two men,

wearing police uniforms, who operated the machine guns in the St. Valentine Day massacre of seven men in 1929, and direct evidence of his participation in gang killings before and after that appalling slaughter has made the quest for him a permanent one.

On July 15, Thomas Bonner, racketeer and stool pigeon for the police, tipped off the location of Burke, for whom rewards of $101,000 have been offered. Bonner was sure of his information and insistent that definite provision be made for his reward after the capture of Burke.

In some way Burke's friends and allies heard of Bonner's activities. As the police squads headed for Hess Lake, the place indicated by Bonner as Burke's hideaway, two men arrived at Bonner's home in Chicago. His wife heard him moaning and pleading:

"You've got me wrong, I swear it," were his final words. Then two pistol shots and his pleading ceased. Later police found a Buick car, out of commission, a few doors from the Bonner home.

A vast police posse gathered about the resort indicated by Bonner at Hess Lake, Michigan, and made the slow approach. Burke had fled. They arrested a man found there, W. A. Smith, of Grand Rapids. It was later found that the Buick car found near the Bonner home in Chicago belonged to Smith.

The results of a search of the Hess Lake resort give an insight into the type of gangsters that Chicago has been weakly contending with. In the room which had obviously been Burke's the police found two fully loaded machine guns, four high-powered rifles, eleven tear-gas bombs, eight automatic revolvers, a sawed-off shotgun and a vast supply of ammunition.

Actually, the careers of some of these modern gang moguls make the activities of the old-time type of bandits appear trifling.

Just after the St. Valentine Day massacre in which the Moran gangsters were lined up and riddled, Burke was passing through St. Joseph, Michigan. In moving through traffic he bumped into the rear of a vegetable wagon. Traffic Policeman Charles Skelly walked over to the

scene of the accident, asked for Burke's driver's license and was shot dead.

Within an hour the Chicago police were tipped off as to the identity of the slayer and his destination. Again a police army arrived too late to catch him in his hideaway, eight miles from St. Joseph.

Burke is wanted for the killing of two men after a $200,000 kidnapping in Detroit in 1927, and the Federal Government wants him for two National Bank robberies in the Middle West.

He is wanted in Louisville, Kentucky, for shooting a cashier in a bank robbery and in Toledo for slaying a policeman and wounding another in an express company hold-up.

Cadillac, Michigan, wants him for a $60,000 bank robbery and Peru, Indiana, for the $93,000 robbery of the First State Bank. He also led the mob which got $350,000 in the Jefferson, Wisconsin, bank robbery of July, 1928.

With this record and his arsenal, the amazing fact is that Burke is one of the fops of gang-

land. In his bank activities this particularly careful dresser has for years first made golf and other contacts with bankers and business men in the towns where his robberies were afoot.

When the police took his gun supply at Hess Lake they found twenty business suits of fine materials, golf, riding and hunting costumes, and four outfits of evening clothes.

Gangland stool pigeons who first discussed the killing of Lingle from the angle of a possible disagreement with Capone, called attention to the fact that Burke, the star killer, had been seen in Chicago on June 1. They made it clear that even gangsters of caliber avoided encountering him, for fear of Bonner's fate if the slightest suspicion entered his mind.

When all the shooting was over at Mr. Zuta's hideaway and he had gone to his eternal whateverhegets, the *Daily News* popped up with a line or two which said a thing or two.

Thus:

"Now that Zuta, Chicago gang leader, has been hunted down and killed in a Wisconsin summer hotel by a storm of bullets from the

guns of rival gangsters or their hired assassins, it is the generally accepted belief that gangland has avenged in its own approved manner the slaying of Lingle, reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*. Meanwhile, the agencies of the law, under the leadership of an able Assistant State's Attorney engaged and paid by the *Tribune*, concern themselves, properly enough perhaps, with the identity of Zuta's hirelings—if indeed they were Zuta's—who actually did Lingle to death.

"The accepted theory of the Zuta murder is that the Capone gang, convinced of Zuta's responsibility for the murder of Lingle, pursued him relentlessly to his death. If it be true that Lingle's killing was primarily Zuta's crime, it follows that the tracing of the actual hired killers of Lingle, though important, cannot possibly be thought so important as the tracing of the influences which made Lingle so valuable an asset to the underworld and particularly to his alleged avengers, the Capone gang.

"The public has a right to be informed whether this aspect of the astonishing affair is

receiving proper attention from the prosecuting authorities of Cook County. Nothing thus far has appeared above the surface of the closely-guarded inquiry to indicate that such is the case."

No, indeed, for the secret of Chicago inquiries has always been represented in the question: How in the world can they ask so much and hear so little?

Chapter IV

ZUTA'S LAST LAUGH

UNLIKE most persons who are garrulous, Jack Zuta, natural squealer, had for years made a consistent effort at least to know what he was talking about. To this end he had kept records—exhaustive ones—to bely his frequently uttered "Aw, forget about it," when grateful grafters thanked him for "little favors."

Just prior to the Lingle murder, in a raid upon offices of the Moran gang, one of the minor hoodlums found on the premises had hurled a ledger from an upper window as the officers arrived. This ledger was recovered through the efforts of Pat Roche, chief inspector of the State Attorney's office, and about the only effective official crusader against crime in Chicago. His

position has been assured, not because of his excellent work against every possible obstacle, but because every decent citizen of the city leans upon his efforts as the only reed of support in a wilderness of graft and corruption. Roche can safely be hampered, but his position—a dangerous one—is officially secure.

With Zuta forever silenced by gunfire, careful examination of this ledger showed records of the $400,000 weekly operations of a gang "practically terminated by murder and political pressure." It also gave information which unearthed three of the bank vaults retained by Zuta under various aliases. And from these vaults came forth written words which contained dynamite, indeed. Low criminals and high officeholders were here publicly welded in the tie that binds under Prohibition—money.

Nor was the pay-off confined to Chicago alone, for one of the first items encountered was a brief note to Zuta from Chief of Police William O. Freeman, of Evanston, "the world's wealthiest suburb."

Addressed to Zuta, the pander, gangster and

director of slayers, on the official stationery of the City of Evanston, it read:

"Dear Jack:

"I am temporarily in need of four 'C's' for a couple of months. Can you let me have it? The bearer does not know what it is, so put it in an envelope and seal it and address it to me.

"Your old pal,

"Bill Freeman."

"P. S. I will let you know the night of the party so be sure and come."

Would the "brains" of a major gang in Chicago give four hundred dollars to a Police Chief right at the city's edge? Freeman got it as fast as his messenger could speed it to him.

"I barely knew him," wept Freeman. "It was a loan." But in two years the loan, from this "old pal" whom he barely knew yet invited to a party, had not been repaid.

That was typical, and no more typical than the fact that Freeman, after much explanation, kept his job. "The loan was censurable," said Mayor Bartlett of Evanston, "but his need of the money was legitimate."

But let the difficulties under which the honest investigator, Pat Roche, works be illustrated here.

Freeman had been on his vacation in Michigan. Immediately with the finding of his letter in the Zuta files he returned to Evanston, though his vacation was not over. He was subsequently forced to admit that he had been tipped off that he might be wanted in Chicago. Mind you, only six persons were in a position to know the vitally important matters that the Zuta poison box had disclosed. And immediately an official, found culpable, was secretly notified to get his excuse ready. Even then, he couldn't think of a sound one, for the incriminating note "had everything."

Though Roche was well aware that the Zuta papers found were but a fragment of his complete records spread in countless boxes under assumed names, it was promptly shown that $3,500 was paid weekly to ONE police station—the East Chicago Avenue Precinct in the heart of the Zuta-Moran territory on the North Side.

Action and camera! Immediately every man

in that precinct was transferred! Even as the vast trucks of the Capone outfit lumbered over the old lanes of the Moran gang, having been recently "taken over" in whole by the gang which profited by the activities of Lingle.

Will the Capone gang pay for their new privileges? Just as sure as trucks trundle!

While politicians and crooked officials squirmed Roche propelled out of his investigation new names to conjure with.

On a number of checks found in Zuta's vaults was the endorsement of Municipal Judge Joseph Schulman. There were as well unredeemed notes in Schulman's name. The Judge said that he had engaged in financial deals with one Morris Green, Zuta's attorney, and thus the notes got into Zuta's hands.

There were checks also to George Van Lent, and the records showed that at the time these checks were cashed George Van Lent was State Senator. A check to Louis I. Fisher, whose brother is Judge Harry Fisher, of the Circuit Court, was found, as was one to Judge Emanuel Eller, whose father, Morris Eller, has long con-

trolled the "Bloody Twentieth" Ward in Chicago. This check was cashed when Eller was campaigning for his judicial position.

State Senator Harry Starr received checks from Zuta as did "Diamond Joe" Esposito, long in control of the even bloodier Nineteenth Ward, and enthusiastic political aid of Senator Dineen. A few weeks after a great banquet at which the bust of Mons. Esposito was presented to Mr. Dineen, in March, 1928, someone caught up with Joe and filled him with sixty-eight machine-gun slugs at the door of his home.

It is possible that Zuta's check to Esposito was a political contribution, but Zuta was not missing any factions, for another check for $500 was sent to the Regular Republican Club of Cook County. Zuta's effects included a card showing him to be a regularly enrolled member of "Big Bill" Thompson's sweet-scented organization. The card, No. 772, showed that the loyal Zuta was, with other members of the William Hale Thompson Republican Club, in favor of Farm Relief, Inland Waterways, Flood

Control and above all "America First."

Another card bearing the signature of Charles E. Graydon, Sheriff of Cook County, contained this open sesame to this shifty crook and vice lord:

"To all members of the department: The bearer, J. Zuta, is extended the courtesies of all departments."

One of the most aggressive factors in the hopeless struggle to get Chicago out of its mire of corruption has been Frank J. Loesch, who a few years ago became a special prosecutor in an effort to bring about the indictment of office-holding thieves having contact with such characters as Zuta. He had as an aide at that time Sergeant Richard J. Williams, of the police department. Among the Zuta records were found notations containing the name of Richard J. Williams. Sergeant Williams denied that he had ever accepted money from Zuta.

One of the papers was a note signed Richard J. Williams, for $600. It was never paid. It was made out when Sergeant Williams was attached to the Warren Avenue police sta-

tion, in which area Zuta had many operations.

The Capone estimate that thirty million dollars has been paid for protection alone in Chicago in a single year was substantiated by the fact that in Zuta's papers appeared records of payments "OUT" (indicating protection) that were as high as $107,000 at a time, including dog-track protection. The individual recipients of this graft were not indicated, but the highest individual payment recorded at one time was $80,693.60 to "M. K."

"M. K.," it was definitely established, is Matt Kolb, ward heeler, fixer, gambler and associate of racketeers. For a long time Kolb was czar of the North and Northwest sections of Cook County, being able to "fix things" for gamblers, vice operatives and booze runners. He was for long a typical connecting factor between crooked politicians and crime, but his power waned with the ascent of the murdered Lingle. All entries in the Zuta files for "M. K." terminated with the accession of Russell to the police dictation of Chicago. That's where Lingle came in.

Perhaps it will be of interest to recognize from the inside what raids and gestures of righteousness meant during this period in which the gangs have operated with absolute immunity in Chicago. Pat Roche, fully aware of the trend of things under the Russell administration and constantly at the heels of the pack in an effort to "turn up" definite connection between vice and politics, had the wires of Zuta tapped long before Lingle's death.

Listen in to a conversation on the wire between someone in power in Chicago and Solly Vision, one of Zuta's henchmen, who received the call at Zuta's headquarters:

Caller: "You've got to get out of Western Avenue." (Evidently a speakeasy.)

Vision: "When?"

Caller: "Tomorrow."

Vision: "I'll move it from there for a while."

Caller: "Get out as soon as you can. Leave someone to tell the people where to go to. Berger on the South Side and a woman social worker by the name of Nelson is after it."

A few minutes later Vision telephoned the

place in question, Calumet 1290:

Vision: "Listen. You'll have to move tomorrow."

Calumet Voice: "I do?"

Vision: "Move to Campbell and Lake. Keep someone there to tell people where to go. It won't hurt us after a day or two."

When the mass of evidence of vital importance was developed by the Zuta vault search, reporters saw State's Attorney Swanson. He had said repeatedly:

"When something tangible is developed I will place it before the Grand Jury."

The August Grand Jury had been in session fifteen days when the Zuta papers were unearthed and had not heard a word about the Lingle case nor any of the subsequent events in the Chicago upheaval. Even though no fewer than fifty office-holders of the city were found to have had dealings with this murdering pander.

Asked if he would now take the matter before the grand jury, at last State's Attorney Swanson said:

"The connections are being traced."

"Don't you think," asked a reporter for the *Herald-Examiner*, "that any delay now will convince the public that there is an effort to cover up?"

"The public will have to take it that way, then," answered the State's Attorney, whereupon he announced, as this was written, that he was leaving Chicago on his vacation.

Chapter V

MAINLY ABOUT NEWSPAPERMEN

THERE can be no doubt that with the first announcement of Lingle's death the newspapers of Chicago gave every evidence of spontaneous, loyal and generous cooperation in a new determination to war against crime, corrupt politics and police graft. That, of course, was when it was believed that the slain reporter had met his death in the honest pursuit of his calling.

Immediately the *Tribune* posted its reward offer of $25,000 for information which might solve the crime, the *Herald-Examiner*, bitter rival of the *Tribune*, posted a like amount, and the *Evening Post* added another $5,000. Chicagoans regarded this as graceful of the *Post* and particularly admirable of the *Examiner*.

But very shortly thereafter it became clear

that Jake Lingle had come to his death not as a heroic reporter but through the peddling of illicit favors, improper use of power, and connivance with the gangs so constantly jousted against by the *Tribune*.

Almost immediately the press took opposite sides of the fence—and conducted themselves as though it were a back fence. Of course, the whole situation was embarrassing for the *Tribune*—no matter how it had come about. For the other papers, or some of them, it was—to put it mildly—interesting, perhaps amusing.

Into this situation came, or flew, a reporter of the *St. Louis Star* by the name of Harry T. Brundidge. What he wrote was plenty, and the recriminations which followed were more than that. With little or no confidence in the police, however reorganized, and with not much more confidence in the State's Attorney's office, the public was presently to observe their old indignant standbys, the newspapers, practically forgetting crime while they hurled mud javelins at each other.

Various people had talked with and kidded

Mr. Brundidge, the *Star* reporter, or, rather, the reporter for the *Star*. When he had waded through such notes as he could decipher he had weighty remarks to make about reporters not on the *Tribune*.

Among them:

That a certain Chicago reporter was known as "the unofficial Mayor," even as Lingle had been known as the "unofficial Chief of Police."

That another reporter controlled the bond-signing racket, and had, in addition, made a fortune by tipping off accidents at all stations to accident-preying shyster lawyers.

That a reporter received five cents a bag for every sack of cement sold in Chicago, and that other reporters were involved in a street-paving racket.

That a reporter made $200 a week extra by muscling in on the army of grafters operating at County Building.

That a certain newspaper editor had told Mr. Brundidge in person that there was no purpose in a newspaperman going shabby while the "gangs pass around the

filthy lucre like rain checks at a ball park."

That a certain editor was a guest of Al Capone in Florida and at Havana, lived in extravagance and luxury at the expense of his wealthy scarred host, and had used an alias when police questioned the party.

That another reporter was in cahoots with "Bugs" Moran in a dog-track enterprise.

That an editor had so many side lines of income (assumedly illicit) that he maintained a separate office, near his editorial hive.

These were rather tall words in view of the fact that Mr. Brundidge stated in his series of explosive articles that he had talked with Colonel R. R. McCormick of the *Tribune*. The other newspapers, or some of them, immediately began to perk up and make inky remarks.

According to Mr. Brundidge, Colonel McCormick had said:

"There is no use beating about the bush; if the newspapers of Chicago are to maintain a foremost place in the life of this country, we must clean house. The *Tribune* has nothing to conceal. It is bigger than any or all of its per-

sonnel, and I will not only discharge but prosecute any man on our payroll who has used his employment dishonestly.

"Lingle's life and death are only an incident. I might, according to the facts so far developed, figure out a long and torturous course to prove why Lingle was an honest man. I know he was not honest, so why should I?

"I will personally request the grand jury to make a thorough investigation of all facts and rumors having to do with alliances between newspapermen of Chicago and the underworld."

This attitude, followed by the specific charges which Mr. Brundidge included in his series of articles, got plenty of reaction from the other papers. Perhaps they were especially irritated by the writing style and gullibility of Mr. Brundidge who, dropping in at one office, casually inquired of a newspaperman if he were a racketeer and learned the following:

"I live. I'm getting mine while we've got Prohibition. I've got a pet racket that's going to put me on easy street. Only a couple of weeks ago, just before 'Jake' was bumped, a

guy from Portland, Oregon, tried to 'muscle in' on my game and I got his arms and legs busted for him. Come on out to the house and I'll treat you to some swell Capone whiskey."

Heigh ho!

Mr. Brundidge thought this was terrible—and it was. The reporter subsequently explained before the grand jury that he could not resist it, because Mr. Brundidge was so anxious to get plenty of evidence from him against him to brighten up Mr. Brundidge's articles in the *St. Louis Star*. The Chicago reporter merely avoided telling him anything dull, or uneventful, he explained.

Then, too, Mr. Brundidge's description of Colonel McCormick might have irritated rival publishers:

"Now back to Colonel McCormick and his plans. Tall, broad-shouldered, powerful, a great horseman and polo player, he sat in his spacious office in the tower of the Tribune Building on Michigan Boulevard overlooking the lake and the skyscrapers of the loop."

Lastly, there may have been cause for irrita-

tion in the fact that Mr. Brundidge's articles were as maudlin as they were long, for example:

"In the meantime, 'Jake' sleeps in a lonely grave, the eventual marker of which will stand forever as a warning to all who would betray a trust. Maybe, after 'finis' is written to the case, honest newspapermen will have a kindly feeling for 'Jake,' for if his grafting and his murder result in a 'house cleaning' in Chicago newspaper offices, then 'Jake' will have done his profession a real service."

Although many of the facts—or asserted facts—in the Brundidge articles were so highly colored as to be almost unrecognizable, there was basis for some of them. The editor he referred to as the guest of Al Capone at Miami and Havana, at least admitted being in the company of the gangster at both places. The man was Harry Read, city editor of the *Chicago American.*

Promptly the *Chicago American* made this explanation of the incident:

"Mr. Read left the office of the *Chicago Evening American* on April 8, primary day, went

to his home and went to bed ill with a cold, which later developed into bronchitis with some indications, according to a clinical report, that pneumonia germs were present.

"On April 18, on the advice of his physician that he take a short vacation in a warm climate, Mr. Read went to Miami, arriving there April 20, where he registered at the Ritz Hotel. Later that day he met a member of Capone's family on the street and was invited to the Palm Island estate.

"He availed himself of the invitation and called that afternoon. At Mr. Read's request, Capone posed for pictures, which were mailed that night to the *Chicago Evening American* and were subsequently published by this paper on April 24, under the caption, 'Alphonse Capone—Public Enemy—Fishes in Exile.' During the following week Capone appeared in both Federal and state courts on various charges.

"Mr. Read covered these hearings as a newspaper correspondent, telegraphing developments which were published in this newspaper.

"Mr. Read visited the Capone home some

five or six times during the week. He met there various Miami business and professional men and members of Capone's family.

"On Monday, April 22, Mr. Read received a telephone call at the Ritz Hotel from J. Fritz Gordon, a Miami attorney, who represented Capone in his court hearings. Mr. Gordon explained to Mr. Read that it was his intention to fly to Cuba on the following day with Capone and several others and asked if he would care to make the eighth person so that the airline would run a plane.

"Mr. Read assented, requesting Mr. Gordon to prepare his papers for the emigration authorities.

"The following morning the party flew to Havana, arrived without incident, and registered at the Sevilla Biltmore Hotel. Mr. Read had lunch, joined the Capone party on a trip to the Tropical Gardens, where beer is given away, stopped at a restaurant where dinner was had, and returned to the hotel.

"The Capone party went to several cabarets that night, but Mr. Read was in bed at 8

o'clock. After a short nap, he dressed, went to the lobby, wrote several letters, and was back in bed at 11 o'clock.

"On the following morning at 6 A.M. emissaries from the Cuban secret police came to the hotel and told Capone they had been asked by the American embassy to question him and the persons who had arrived on the plane with him. Capone and the others, including Mr. Read, accompanied the secret police emissary to headquarters, where it developed that the questioning had to do with reports that Capone intended bombing some public buildings as part of a May Day labor demonstration.

"On hearing this Capone laughed heartily. After the arrival of the chief of the secret police Capone was asked what he was doing in Cuba. He said he came over to spend some money and drink some wine. The chief stated that the Cuban Government was glad to have him as a visitor and hoped his stay would be a pleasant one. The names of those present at the time were not requested by the police and the interview did not last more than two minutes.

"The party returned to the hotel and breakfast. About 10 A.M. Mr. Read, accompanied by the aged father of Attorney Gordon, proceeded to Morro Castle and the Cuban fortress. They returned late that afternoon. Where Capone and the others went is not known.

"That night Mr. Read took a walk through the streets of Havana alone. On the following morning the entire party went shopping in the accredited manner of tourists abroad. That afternoon, the plane being ready for the return trip, they embarked for the United States.

"On the night of the day he returned to Miami, May 1, Mr. Read boarded a train for Chicago.

"The records of the auditor of the *Chicago Evening American* show that Mr. Read asked for and was sent by telegraph the sum of $300, an amount less than the total he had to his credit on the books of the auditor when the requests were made. This indicates that Mr. Read paid his own expenses and defrayed his share of the cost of the Cuban trip."

Meanwhile Mr. Brundidge, upon having the

better part of his assertions scoffed at by the Chicago newspapers, announced his willingness to go before the grand jury in Chicago. He was invited to, but not immediately and not without conditions. State's Attorney Swanson, who had turned over the Lingle investigation to a "board of strategy" with Charles Rathbun, a *Tribune* attorney, at its head, demanded the right to interview Mr. Brundidge before the St. Louis reporter went before that august body. The *St. Louis Star* insisted at once that its reporter be taken before the grand jury without being confronted by anyone else.

Chief Justice D. J. Normoyle, of the Criminal Court, addressing the jury on this matter, said:

"It is your duty to summon Mr. Brundidge, who has made these racketeering charges against Chicago reporters. Never mind the fact the State's Attorney wants to question him first. You have the power and the right and the duty and no one can interfere.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I believe you are cognizant of the fact the eyes of the nation

are on you. That is, the nation's eyes are focused on you as regards the Lingle murder."

Continuing, the Chief Justice said:

"I don't believe you are interested in publishers' quarrels, if they exist. From what I have gleaned from the press, I deem it my duty to suggest to you that you call before you such witnesses as you want to hear, irrespective of whether they may or may not be advised by the State's Attorney's Office before they came to you."

Meanwhile Brundidge was wiring from Miami an interview with Capone there. Here's some of it:

"How many reporters have you on your payroll?"

"Plenty," said Capone.

"Who killed Lingle?"

"The Chicago police know; he was my friend up to the very day he died."

Capone advised him not to buck the gang-police situation in Chicago, according to Brundidge, "because it's too big a proposition."

"What was the matter with Lingle?"

"The ponies," answered Capone.

Within an hour after this interview was published, Capone, in a statement from Miami, pronounced it a "mass of deliberate lies."

Mr. Brundidge, undismayed, came north for appearance before the grand jury. He was accompanied to the jury room by an executive of the *St. Louis Star* and was admitted without prior questioning. He told all that he knew—such as it was and what there was of it.

As he left the jury room, Hilding Johnson, veteran Chicago reporter, who was "glorified" a while back in the play *Front Page*, stopped Brundidge for a brief interview.

"I understand you were mixed up in something and indicted once yourself," said Johnson. "What about it, big boy?"

Mr. Brundidge raged. "The next time I am asked about that I will punch the face of my questioner," he declared.

"All right, Schmelling, why were you indicted?" asked Johnson.

"Down," said Mr. Brundidge, for indeed there was the elevator.

Friends of the St. Louis reporter subsequently explained that Mr. Brundidge was always irritated by the question because it was just a small matter and had been completely adjusted long ago.

At this juncture the fact that evidence was being kept from the public was sarcastically noted in the papers already irritated by the *Tribune's* overemphasis of Brundidge and his articles. Presently there came an inspired demand that Charles Rathbun, *Tribune* attorney, be removed from the head of the State's Attorney investigating force; it was boldly intimated that he was considering the *Tribune* and ignoring the public.

Finally, on July 20, the *Chicago American* had this to say:

"Appeasing and diverting the popular impatience, a campaign of character assassination has been directed against other Chicago newspapermen.

"It has been a most persistent campaign, shot through with pernicious and unjustified insinuations.

"Unlike the effort to solve the Lingle crime, it has received the widest and most complete publicity for its 'findings.'

"Unhampered by official secrecy, it has been permitted the dignity of a widely aired and heralded grand jury investigation, while the Lingle murder case, beset by taboos, is still quite safely up in the air, as far as the public is concerned.

"And when the grand jury and the State's Attorney have plowed through this mess of trivialities, it is expected the *Tribune*, instead of giving its readers the news, will have another batch ready, it having assigned a corps of reportorial geniuses, commanded by a super-genius, to dig into the ash cans and listen on the back stairs."

The *Chicago Daily News* said:

"The public has been extremely patient in its attitude toward the Lingle case. It has seen the curtains of mystery and silence close around the whole amazing affair, while the official guardians walk softly outside the curtains, their fingers to their lips.

"It is, of course, important that the slayer or slayers of Lingle be discovered, apprehended and punished.

"Perhaps, however, it is far more important that the authorities establish how Lingle won his place of power over the police and over the underworld. He was no superman. It is fair to assume he was the agent of others far more powerful than he."

But this contribution from the *Chicago Herald-Examiner* led to the prompt filing of notice of suit for $250,000 by Robert M. Lee, city editor of the *Tribune*:

"The work of these newspaper reporters is directed by the city editor. A good city editor knows pretty well just what his men are doing for the paper—and on the outside. It is understood that Robert M. Lee, city editor of the *Tribune*, had for about nine years been a close friend of Jake Lingle. The grand jury might call Mr. Lee and inquire what he knows and what his records show of the activities of Lingle in the months before he was murdered.

"But the 'board of strategy,' the *Tribune*

lawyer, the State's Attorney, the police and all the rest of officialdom have never called a witness that might be expected to know anything about:

"Who killed Jake Lingle and why?"

Notified of suit, the *Herald-Examiner* disclaimed any intention to question Mr. Lee's integrity.

In the midst of the newspaper conflict there came a development which clearly showed that Lingle might not have been the first newspaper gang casualty. Leland H. Reese, crime reporter for the *Chicago Daily News*, was taken to the Glidden Memorial Hospital at DeKalb suffering from injuries received when the automobile in which he was riding with two bodyguards was run off the road into a ditch. He said that he believed the car which had cut off his car was manipulated by gangsters. Upon arriving at the hospital he asked for a police guard to supplement the protection offered by the private detectives who had been with him and who suffered minor injuries.

Reese explained that he had been tipped off

while at a racetrack, just prior to the death of Lingle, that an attack was to be made upon him at the conclusion of the day's racing. He got in touch with his office and five detectives in a squad car brought him into the city. The incident and subsequent threats accounted for a constant bodyguard provided for him by his paper.

At the time of the racetrack incident it was reported that four newspapermen had been marked for death by Chicago gangsters. Julius Rosenheim, who was employed by Reese as an under-cover man in crime matters, was shot to death on February 1 and the other three men mentioned in the report were Reese, Lingle and Harry Read, city editor of the *Chicago American*. Read's friendship for Capone, indicated by the visit mentioned heretofore, was said to be the basis for the planned attack on him.

Inferences were bandied about every name brought into the newspaper discussion. The bickering and bitterness materially thickened the smoke screen settling daily on the crime sen-

sation which had temporarily stirred the great city of Chicago—politically rotten to the core.

Ten newspapermen were heard by the July grand jury. The jury, having listened with tingling ears and twinkling eyes to tid-bits of information usually denied the long-suffering citizens of a crook-throttled city, conducted itself as Chicago grand juries are ever prone to do.

The jurors had enjoyed themselves. They thanked and exonerated everyone they had listened to; they praised the conduct of the Lingle investigation which was steadily going up the chimney, and then shook hands all around, refraining from kissing each other.

THE LINGLE CASE WAS NOT EVEN MENTIONED IN THE CHARGE TO THE INCOMING AUGUST GRAND JURY.

Now the *Chicago Times*, with no ax to grind in the matter, voiced its disgust as follows:

"The July grand jury, instructed to investigate the Lingle case, has turned in its report and disbanded. Its most notable public service is described in the last word of the foregoing

sentence. The report, made to Judge Normoyle, as chief justice of the Criminal Court, certainly is entitled to a place among the most asinine documents ever presented to a community crying for aggressive leadership to fight crime.

"After listening to Captain Stege and former Chief Russell for about an hour apiece, the jury adopted a resolution asking Mayor Thompson to reinstate Stege as chief of the detective bureau. On their testimony, and other incidental testimony, it reported that it had 'made a thorough investigation into the activities and methods of the Chicago police department before and after the Lingle murder.' If these were days for laughter, what a laugh we could get out of that! Lingle appears to have been a traitor to his reportorial calling and to his newspaper. He 'peddled' his 'in' with Russell and Stege, who were his buddies. Why wasn't Stege cunning enough to know about Lingle's operations? When the grand jury was making its 'thorough investigation,' did it ask Captain Stege why he hadn't heard the gossip?

"The grand jury also questioned Corporation Counsel Ettelson, who maneuvered the resignation of former Chief Hughes and the appointment of Russell. The opinion of the jurors was that Russell's appointment 'came about through the regular channels of the present city administration.' There never was a city administration in which sinister politics had so much to do with the police department as the one which Mr. Ettelson heads in the absence of our mayor's vanished executive capacity. What are the 'regular channels' of such a regime?

"Jake Lingle was killed eight weeks ago today. The Lingle slayers must be tracked and punished, *not because the victim was Lingle*, but because the exposure of the plot behind his death can and will be the opening wedge in a drive backed by public opinion that will break gang rule and stop murders by gangsters.

"It is up to Swanson. Chicago hasn't forgotten, and it's not going to forget, the Lingle case and the undiscovered or unrevealed background of the Lingle case. If the August grand jurors make asses of themselves with more in-

dorsements of public officials, the State's Attorney, who is the grand jury's attorney, will have to be held responsible."

But the August grand jury were ostriches, not asses. They never heard tell of Lingle.

Chapter VI

JAKE LINGLE'S EDITOR EXPLAINS

FROM the outset of the revealing of the Lingle case it was clear that, although Lingle had a wide acquaintance, and a valuable one for a newspaperman in any city, he had few real intimates. Quite apart from any business relations which developed between Russell and him, he had for long years been an intimate friend of the policeman, liked him, sought him out and indicated his interest in many ways.

Another man who knew Lingle intimately, due to his position, was Mr. Lee, Lingle's editor, aforementioned. When the ramifications of Lingle's activities became public property, and curiosity was expressed at the *Tribune's* failure to recognize the trend of Lingle's interests, Mr. Lee made a statement, interesting enough to set

down here, regarding Lingle, "the unofficial Chief of Police," as his office knew him.

"Many of the things which are now being said of Jake Lingle," said Mr. Lee, "were not being said, so far as is known, a month ago. But the storm of questions and suspicions and rumors, some confirmed and others unconfirmed, has been so violent as to raise in any reasonable person's mind the further question: How could Jake Lingle have continued with the *Chicago Tribune* for eighteen years without his associates and superiors knowing the things that are now being discussed?

"Lingle worked as a reporter for this paper under four city editors in the last eighteen years, under the present city editor for the last ten of those years. There had been no suspicion of his integrity by the city editor's office until after his murder. How that came to be so shall be explained here below.

"It is an old proverb that the cobbler's children usually go unshod. Which is to say that in the newspaper business, which requires that all those associated with it keep their eyes and

ears open for the deeds and misdeeds of others, there is the least likelihood of hearing comment upon the deeds, good or bad, of its own fraternity. The head of a family does not customarily go about investigating evil reports of the members of his flock. He assumes that the normal tradition and character of his establishment is an assurance to him that all is well.

"This is not to say that from time to time insinuations have not come to the office about Lingle. Lingle had enemies (at least there were men who didn't like him) and some of these from time to time have made slurring remarks about Lingle. None of the insinuations was ever accompanied by facts and it was natural, so it seemed then, at least, to put these insinuations down to personal grievances.

"There probably isn't a police reporter in Chicago or any other city who hasn't made enmities which propagated reflections on the reporter's character.

"Jake Lingle had been a member of the *Tribune* staff for eighteen years, and in all that time there had been, so far as the executives

of the news staff were able to determine, no lack of accuracy in his reports, no lack of zeal in his duties to go out and collect news, and no failure that was unexplainable to produce news, at least as readily as it appeared in the columns of other newspapers.

"The news room judgment of Lingle was that of an unusual personality, who had built up over long years his own peculiar style of news gathering and who had acquired a wide and important acquaintanceship. It is worth mentioning that a newspaper reporter's chief asset in the business of his life is wide acquaintanceship and the confidence of those whose acquaintance he enjoys. It had never been doubted that Lingle knew as many or more men in all walks of life in Chicago as any other person in the newspaper calling. From his earliest experiences as a boy in the employ of the *Tribune* he had displayed a preference for gathering police news.

"In the days previous to the so-called gangster era, which began around 1920, Lingle's work was largely in the direction of such things

as the detective agencies, which led him, for illustration, into an intimacy with the late William A. Pinkerton, William J. Burns, Raymond Burns, and other leading lights in the private detective world.

"Labor troubles were the chief avenues of news in the so-called racketeering world in those times, and Lingle acquired a wide acquaintanceship among labor men and the so-called 'wrecking crews' employed at that time by ruthless labor leaders.

"When the United States entered the war Lingle was asked to enlist in the navy so that he could be assigned to the intelligence unit. This was regarded as fitting because of his capacity for investigation. He served through his enlistment as a member of the naval intelligence department.

"In the years between 1913 and 1919 the common resort of some of our best townspeople, together with many of the morning newspaper workers, was Colosimo's restaurant in Wabash Avenue at Twenty-second Street. Lingle became well acquainted with Colosimo and later

with Johnny Torrio. Torrio at that time was an inconspicuous importation from the east side of New York who went about in his shirt sleeves and attracted none of the attention which he later drew when Prohibition became the order. The murder of Colosimo, which followed not so long after the killing of 'Mossy' Enright, was one of the highly spectacular homicides in the history of Chicago gangdom. It is fair to assume that every available reporter who knew his way about among the gang leaders of Chicago was employed on that story. The Colosimo murder is in itself a sufficient illustration of the fact that every newspaper, to print full and complete stories of crimes of that character, found it was necessary to have a man who knew how to get the news.

"It is here that Jake Lingle's personality seemed important. He had an easy and pleasant affability. There was an unmistakable charm about him that completely disarmed anyone whom he thought it worth while to cultivate. He had easily earned the reputation of a good samaritan. He was first at the bedside of a

sick associate. He was first to lend money to a co-worker in distress; first to send flowers to a sorrowing home. It was obvious, of course, that he did not seek to cultivate all persons. There were plenty of those whom he disliked, and he had a pungent, searing method of description for those who displeased him.

"On the other hand, he had for years cultivated the acquaintanceship of members of the police department from chief down. He counted among his friends and acquaintances an amazing list of persons in all walks of life and he knew, as there was no reason to doubt in the news room of the *Tribune*, as many or more gang leaders as any other reporter. He may not have known more, but it is doubtful if he knew fewer.

"In this connection much has been made of the fact that Lingle was a personal friend of Al Capone.

"Lingle first became acquainted with Capone when he was brought to Chicago by Torrio. In his capacity as reporter of gangster activities Lingle called frequently upon Capone, inter-

viewed him, and, for want of a better phrase, won his confidence.

"There were times when in the quest for news of gangdom, reporters called upon for that information must needs know where and how to reach gangdom leaders. Lingle had to have Capone's confidence in order to have access to his haunts, in order to be able to find Capone when information from or about that gangster was sought either as background or for the news itself.

"Lingle knew Capone when he was an inconspicuous figure in gang life. He continued to know him better as Capone grew in influence in gangdom. There seemed nothing sinister about that relationship at that time.

"Capone waxed rich. He was known as a generous gift-maker. Much has been made of a diamond belt-buckle which he gave Lingle several Christmases ago. It was reported in the office that Lingle had received a present. Lingle grinned and was mysterious, as usual, when asked about it.

"He said reports of the 'diamond belt-buckle'

were exaggerated. That buckle, which is now given a sinister aspect, seemed an inconsequential matter then. For there was no background then of insinuations.

"It is asserted now—facts may later be uncovered—that Lingle used his influence to further interests of the Capone gang. The office had no reason to believe that before Lingle's death. Files of the *Tribune* reveal columns upon columns of news matter exposing Capone gang activities. Lingle furnished much of the material for those columns. Lingle never objected to an assignment requesting facts to be used in Capone exposures.

"When Capone was in jail in Philadelphia interviews with the gangster were considered news. Lingle was sent to talk to Capone. Others wrote the stories—Lingle got them. There seemed nothing wrong in Lingle's ability to get those interviews at that time. When Capone was freed, Lingle because of his known familiarity with Capone, was sent to Philadelphia with instructions to interview Capone. Lingle fell down on the assignment. This didn't

seem indicative, at the time, that Lingle was 'Capone's ally.'

"There have been among the many rumors of his activities one in particular, that he lived a rather roving life and was not accountable to his office. This is quite incorrect. Most reporters on morning newspapers arrive at their offices at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. They are customarily at liberty after 9:30 in the evening. It is the judgment of the assistant city editors in charge of assignments that Lingle was more frequently called out of bed at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, or at 2 or 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, than any other reporter.

"When it is considered that 8 o'clock A.M. to a morning newspaper reporter is the equivalent of midnight to the average man, it will be seen that he was required to spend many sleepless nights in pursuit of news. All reporters on the *Tribune*, unless especially excused, are required to report by telephone to the assistant city editor at intervals of no longer than two hours. While Lingle may not have been exactly scrupulous in this duty, the memory of those who re-

ceived his reports is that he was not far below the average in punctuality. It was known that he frequented prize fights, racetracks, and other gatherings of this nature. This seemed an entirely logical proceeding, inasmuch as the gentry concerning whom he was chiefly engaged in gathering information were most likely to be found at such places. He customarily spent his evenings from dinner time until 9:30 o'clock, frequently staying on his own account until 11 or 12 o'clock, in the news room of the *Tribune*.

"The fire alarm telegraph never rang in the *Tribune* news room that Lingle was not the first one to catch the signal, call for a photographer, and hurry away on the assignment. On all important police assignments he was the first to offer himself, although there could be a dozen reporters at hand who might more logically be called upon to go. Although he can be said to have had a roving assignment, yet a day rarely passed that he was not given several daily assignments along with his general police duty.

"Some point has been made of his summer residence near the Michigan-Indiana line. It

is doubtful if a summer had ever passed in the last fifteen years that he did not go to Michigan. In the years previous as well as subsequent to 1920 his vacation customarily was spent in a small resort at Holland, Michigan, which he preferred because it was always occupied by a constantly changing population of policemen and firemen, all of whom he knew well.

"Two years ago he was told by physicians that he was a victim of stomach ulcers and that it would be necessary for him to take six months away from the paper and do nothing but rest. He went to some resort in the neighborhood of Michigan City, and it was commonly known that he rented an inconspicuous house there in which he spent the summer with his family.

"It has been said that he was in the habit of spending his winters in Cuba. When he did so he was absent rarely more than two weeks, which would be regarded as his vacation period, and sometimes this would be extended to three weeks, he preferring to take the third week at his own expense. It was never considered re-

markable that he should take a two or three-weeks' trip to Cuba. On one of his trips Lingle and his wife were accompanied by John Stege, chief of detectives, and Mrs. Stege. This association is cited now to demonstrate that Lingle and the police officials were in unholy alliance. Stege, in fact, was regarded as a high-class police official. The trip of the two together had no sinister appearance at the time. Lingle was regarded as well-to-do, through inheritance, and able to take such vacation trips.

"Incidentally, that visit which Lingle made to Capone's Miami Beach home—now circulated as proof of a wrong relationship between the gangster and Lingle—took place in what then seemed a natural manner. Lingle was returning from Cuba. Capone was playing a bizarre rôle in Miami affairs. He was entertaining on a lavish scale, taking big parties to the racetrack daily. According to Lingle's own account of the Capone visit, he (Lingle) met the gangster at the racetrack, was invited to visit Capone's home, and did. Sinister? It didn't seem so then.

"As to Lingle's ability to do the things that he was known to have done, there had been no question. Eight years ago he explained that through the death of his father he had come into considerable money. It is true that the records of the Probate Court have since indicated that this estate was around $500. No one on the *Tribune* ever took the trouble—before the murder—to look into his estate and ascertain if in fact the father's estate was large. There was an impression in the office as long as seven or eight years ago that the inheritance to Lingle was perhaps $100,000. So he was regarded as that anomaly, a comparatively wealthy reporter. Every one thought so. Lingle frequently spoke of some houses and real estate involved in the transaction and occasionally would mention his need of funds to take care of the taxes and repairs. These things occurred years before these recent events which have become so widely exploited.

"Subsequent to the death of his father occurred that of his uncle, and while it is not recollected that Lingle made any specific state-

ment, it became the commonly accepted belief in the news room of the *Tribune* that he had acquired an additional small fortune through the will of this uncle.

"And in all these years from 1922 until 1928 he had not been known to make any particular display of sums of money disproportionate to his believed circumstances. It was at the beginning to the bull market that he began to take an interest in stock speculation. In fact the whole country seemed to be buzzing with that same frenzy. Through acquaintances he had made he was believed to have invested in shares of Simmons Bed at a price presumably about 80. This stock immediately advanced in price and continued to rise until it reached something more than 180. During this process, through conversation in which Lingle frankly had with members of the staff, it was commonly believed that by the process known as pyramiding he had increased his fortune materially, at least on paper. It was also believed that he had lost his paper profits in the great slump, but that he had been able to guard himself against actual loss.

"Even before Lingle was believed to have inherited an estate he was known to have a penchant for betting on horses. When racing came back to Chicago Lingle's betting (it now develops) became more regular. Lingle always boasted when he won; he never talked about his losses. He was called 'lucky' by his associates.

"Another factor which prevented any office speculation because of Lingle's bank roll was the fact that Lingle was accustomed to make frequent requests upon his associates for the loan of $50 or $100. Those who had checking accounts readily acquiesced. Lingle gave no explanation for his need of loans—that he really was pressed for funds was not taken seriously. They were more on the order of overnight loans.

"It is a matter for wonder even now why up until the time of his death Lingle continued his borrowing from office associates. No one ever suspected for a moment that Lingle was borrowing sums outside the office. And the fact that he so frequently borrowed small sums of friends in the office would have given the lie—if rumors had come that Lingle was daily handling

big sums of money. Thus there was no reason for Lingle's associates to question his ability to build a home in Michigan. Lingle had told office associates that he was 'now putting my money into a home. I'm off the market.'

"It seemed only natural to assume that Lingle was buying the new home out of his original capital—the capital which he told his associates the market crash hadn't touched.

"Lingle was born on the West Side and therefore knew almost every character that developed from that region of the city. Some have become politicians of note and others have directed their somewhat violent energies in other directions, but a great majority of them were those he had known in boyhood and at school.

"While the chief emphasis has been laid upon Lingle's acquaintance with police characters, it is also interesting to reflect that he also knew many men in all other grades of life.

"Of lawyers he knew scores, among them maintaining an easy familiarity with Oscar E. Carlstrom, the Attorney General, and Harry Ash, Assistant Attorney General. He was ac-

customed to drop in casually on judges of the Circuit and Superior courts.

"Mention has already been made of the friendship that existed between Lingle and Arthur Cutten. This was known as also that he had often been a dinner guest at the Cuttens' as well as at the home of Joy Morton. Those who marvel at his La Salle Street trading may reflect that an acquaintance with Cutten is in itself no mean asset.

"He was known to have kept in touch with Hinton G. Clabaugh when Clabaugh was head of the pardon and parole board, and had been a friend of Charles F. Clyne, formerly United States District Attorney.

"It has been mentioned that Tony Kissane had acted as his bodyguard. Lingle had known Kissane from early boyhood and thought no more of hailing Kissane or of walking along the street with him than with any visiting duke. He knew the so-called First Ward crowd, as indeed what police reporter has not in the last forty years? It was old John Kelley, a veteran police reporter now retired, who used occasion-

ally to knock off a poem which he would attribute to Bathhouse John Coughlin, and there is hardly a reporter of the old Harrison Street neighborhood who did not claim an intimate knowledge of affairs in and about Mike Kenna's cigar store, formerly the dressup saloon.

"It is probably true that Lingle felt a certain superiority over the others of his clan in police reporting. His wide knowledge of the police department, which probably was equaled only by such diligent veterans as John Kelley, Jimmie Murphy, and Buddy McHugh, gave him in all probability a somewhat lofty idea of his capabilities. And yet there have been periods in which the police administration was far from friendly to the *Tribune*, and under these circumstances Lingle would writhe and bear a most unhappy burden in trying to get news when he considered the cards stacked against him.

"Since his death Lingle has been called the 'unofficial Chief of Police.' Whatever the revelations may indicate now, the belief before the murder was that his intimacy with Russell was based on friendship alone.

"The gangster as we now know him is a product of this decade and it is necessary that the newspaperman who covers gangsters should know his gangsters. Lingle knew his gangsters. So far as his news reports to the paper were concerned, they were scrupulous and accurate.

"These impressions are here set down without any thought of making a defense for Lingle; only to present a view of him as he appeared during the years he was a reporter—up to the hour of his murder."

Chapter VII

THE FOX LAKE MASSACRE

THE ides of March figured mightily in the bursts of assorted marksmanship in which Lingle was the most important victim. Al Capone, returning from the Eastern Penitentiary late in March, made his brief and closely guarded stay in Chicago the occasion for a grand get-together in gangland. Minor gangs, independent racketeers and new and bad blood from other gang-troubled cities joined with the great Capone organization. "Al for all, and All for Al" was the slogan of perhaps the greatest gang circus ever organized. They had the town licked and were proceeding in high.

Capone booze—and it has for years been good booze—was delivered on time, ninety dollars the case. Capone beer—not old but not

green—rolled into the speakeasies on time invariably, fifty-five the barrel. Capone vice and gambling enterprises had nothing to fear. A deluge of money poured into the Capone coffers.

Back in gangland shadows the once powerful Bugs Moran-Aiella gang, its strong-armed roster depleted by a death list such as no gang ever survived, considered ways and means. Almost daily their minor gambling places, their alky cooking plants, their offices and their delivery arrangements were smashed up and invaded by the police. Repeated raids were made on the Zuta-controlled shady hotels and brothels of the North Side.

A racket without protection is no racket. The Moran-Aiello outfit could not get protection with money, by threat or through the usual political hook-up. They were out of luck; they knew why!

The situation was super "hot." Capone's vast bodyguard during his brief stay was the tip-off. He is seldom mistaken about anything in gangland. Soon he was in Florida, fighting for the right to stay there, making arrange-

ments for the new $375,000 home with every requisite of a hide-away—or fort.

Bad as things were, the Moran-Aiello outfit, with the coming of April, had an ace in the hole. Their summer beer and booze business has been one of the greatest sources of income of the gang for six years and all the North Shore resorts, beyond Chicago police jurisdiction, have been acknowledged Moran-Aiello territory.

No one had ever disturbed it. That is, not until the St. Valentine Massacre had taken seven men from the gang, five of them among the toughest "hoods" in Chicago. Not until constant raids had sent the gang skidding financially and caused a dozen desertions of "Big Shots" from its crumbling ranks.

In late April resort-keepers on the North Shore lakes were tipped off, brusquely and by tough tippers-off, that they had better get ready to take a new brand of beer. Because it was going to be delivered, they were going to like it and they were going to pay for it, without argument. That message was from Capone.

It was one of those spots which cause a Chi-

cago speakeasy owner to wonder occasionally why he ever went into the business. The gang he takes his stuff from charges him for protection as much as for beer. They ought to protect him. The resort-keepers on the North Shore began to be aware that action was impending. It's something to worry about. If you reject *any* gang's beer you get it; if you reject both gangs' beer you are caught in a crossfire and if you ACCEPT both gangs' beer the best strategy is to get out and leave the place in charge of a bartender who doesn't know much. He'll learn.

North Shore resorts began to close. It was the last stand for the Moran-Aiello gang. High time to prove by action that no one could push that outfit any further. A few loads of beer headed from the West Side in Chicago were hijacked deftly by the Moran-Aiello top gunners. Twenty of them—plenty hard—set themselves at Cassidy's hotel, near Lake Bluff, during May. The effort to interfere with their resort business halted for a time. This was to be warfare!

Then on May 30 the strain was terminated by gunfire.

A group of the old Druggan gang, South Side beer runners, lately associated with the Capone West Side group, came to the North Shore for dinner. They had had no contact with the Moran-Aiello group personally, but they had secretly—until that night—been part of the "Al for All and All for Al" movement. It was no secret to the North Side gang, which, the police learned, had been tapping Capone wires all over town for a month when the invasion of the resort trade was threatened. So this stealthy invasion failed!

The visiting gang group had some women with them to indicate how casual the intrusion was. They ordered dinner at Manning's Hotel, Fox Lake, miles away from the Moran arsenal, at Cassidy's resort.

In the party were George Druggan, brother of the notorious Terry; Joe Bertche, racketeer, robber and "hood" recently released from Ohio State Prison; Sam Pellar, Druggan gangster and union racketeer; Michael Quirk, crack shot, labor slugger and extortionist; Eugene ("Red") McLaughlin, kidnapper; two women whose iden-

tity was never established and Mrs. Vivian McGinnis, daughter of Vincent G. Ponic, a well-known Chicago lawyer.

The party had spent money lavishly, had kidded the proprietor about the quality of the beer and liquor available and, having made a successful first "contact," were preparing to leave, at one-thirty in the morning, June 1.

Suddenly Manning, who was leaning over the table and fraternizing with them on the best of terms, threw his hands in the air and ran backward from the table. Behind the group and fifteen feet away a screen had noiselessly been taken out of a window. On the sill rested a machine gun.

In a moment slugs rattled about the room in which the echo of laughter had just dwindled. Quirk, Pellar and Bertche toppled from their chairs, dead. Druggan and Mrs. McGinnis, riddled with bullets, fell beside them. McLaughlin and the two unknown women ran wildly across the dining room, McLaughlin dragging a riddled leg and holding onto the women. Manning saw no more of the three who thus ran;

perhaps very few people ever saw them again.

At least, that was true of McLaughlin, for on June 5, a tug threshing through the Sanitary Canal caught its propeller in a heavy wire and threw the body of McLaughlin to the surface. Weighted with fifty pounds of wire and one hundred pounds of metal his body had been thrown into the canal after he had been shot five times on a "ride." Nothing on him had been disturbed—keys, papers or eight hundred dollars in money. His slayers apparently thought the weights sufficient, and had neglected the usual removal of identifying articles.

Terrible? True! But these "rides" and massacres are mighty hard to reckon with, from a police standpoint. Everyone involved, including the victims, are either avoiding or bribing police.

McLaughlin was a feared gangster, quick on the trigger, and he had taken on a sideline of activity—as is very customary in gang circles—doing the muscle work for Al Kearney, a racketeer well on the way to success in a garage "grift." Kearney had political as well as gun

backing, and had tried to put through a police ruling, or an ordinance, that his towing companies, upon seeing an automobile parked in the street overnight, could tow it to the nearest garage and charge the owner $5 for the tow. Even Commissioner Russell was indignant at this idea, especially so after Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, president of the Association of Commerce, had declared it outrageous.

Apparently the notion had irritated others, too, from some other angle. For with no McLaughlin to guard him, Kearney, his pockets stuffed with money, garage plans and code messages, was found shot to death on Chicago's West Side on June 10.

But when one of these "rides" is deliberately or miraculously interrupted by the police let's see the result as things go in Chicago. The story concerns an honest wood carver, albeit a foolish one. This young man, Earl Holmes, fell in love with a Chicago young woman by the name of Anna Larson. He proposed to her and was rejected last March; then learned that she was consorting with gangsters and racketeers.

He sought her out, urged her to give up her valueless and dangerous companions and again told her that he would marry her. He was a harmless person, and when Miss Larson considered what her racketeer fiancé, Frank Favurola, would think of this proposal, she laughed outright. It was too good to keep. She told Favurola. He didn't think it was funny after he had heard what young Holmes had said about gangsters, hoodlums and bums. He insisted that Miss Larson—indeed a charming person—lure this harmless boy to a "spot."

Holmes was invited to the home of a friend of Miss Larson's, Mrs. Margaret Russell—well known to the police. He came, bringing flowers, on the evening of May 3 last. All of his protestations of love, entirely sincere, were overheard by the Russell woman, by Favurola and two racketeer friends of his, Samuel Baldino and James Hennesy.

Miss Larson brought the subject around to her gangster companions, and while Holmes was remarking that people of that sort were not fit to live, the gangsters opened the door. They

tore his clothing off, knocked five of his teeth out and punched and kicked him until he was unconscious. Then they dragged him out to an automobile and drove fifteen miles into the woods. He had recovered consciousness and was begging for his life, but they assured him that his begging would soon be over. Knocking him unconscious again, they drove further into the woods. Here the three men, all armed, took him from the car. They were tying him to a tree when, by an amazing freak of luck, a flashlight which they used was seen by a car squad of La Grange police passing on a deserted road just beyond the point to which Holmes had been dragged.

The boy, unconscious, bruised and bleeding from head to foot, was rescued—really miraculously.

The newspapers of Chicago were exultant. Eleven years of riddled bodies in culverts, ditches, automobiles, cisterns—everywhere. And now "a ride" stopped in the nick of time. Here was a chance for a lesson to gangsters.

Words cannot express the disgust of the

Prosecuting Attorney at the conclusion of that case. "Ludicrous, absurd and unbelievable," said Assistant States Attorney Harry Busch.

The prisoners were fined one hundred and fifty dollars apiece, which they paid smilingly, each peeling two one hundred dollar bills from large rolls and awaiting change.

Miss Larson was not convicted, but acquitted, as was the Russell woman. This at the height of the indignation aroused by the Lingle killing!

Incidentally, young Mr. Holmes' point of view regarding gangsters was somewhat vividly verified by Attorney Vincent G. Pontic, father of Mrs. Vivian McGinnis who, with George Druggan, survived the fatal dinner party at Fox Lake.

Asked if he cared to visit his daughter at the hospital he said:

"That companion of vicious gangsters? I will have nothing to do with her. Frankly I'd rather she were dead. Had she been killed outright it is all that could be expected."

As that family point of view was being expressed, Alderman Frank Konkowski, of the

Thirty-first Ward, CHICAGO, was offering himself for a blood transfusion at the bedside of Mrs. McGinnis, companion of, and riddled by, gangsters.

Naturally enough the police became curious as to the fate of the two attractive women who had vanished from the scene of the Fox Lake Massacre with the subsequently slain McLaughlin.

A brief and economical grappling in the vicinity where McLaughlin's body had been recovered developed no clew regarding them. But in the process the casual police searchers brought up the body of a man whose pin stripe tailoring, diamond stick pin and silk shirt proclaimed him a gangster and a gang victim. There was not a clew to his identity. His body had not been weighted, as had been McLaughlin's, and so his slayers had carefully removed factors of possible identification, including the victim's papers, clothes' labels, head and legs.

Chapter VIII

THE MIND AND MANNER OF A GANGSTER

IT IS rather difficult to account for the national tolerance of murder which has come with the ascendancy of thug power in the United States. The fact is that the routine activities of gang killers have long ago beggared in scope, and equaled in viciousness, any horror ever attributed to any vicious force at any time in history. Pirates on the high seas and American Indians far from civilization in the pioneer days have duplicated, but not greatly surpassed, the bloodthirstiness of the new caste of American apache that is winning control of our cities by murder.

The gang menace operates in the midst of the wealthiest and most progressive nation the world has seen. Nor is there a single factor in that

civilization at present qualified to cope with this social and industrial cancer created by the lowest minds and least worthy elements in the country.

In no stratum of life does the knock of opportunity fall upon more alert ears than in the underworld. American crooks have not missed a trick in the ten years of browsing in Prohibition clover. Underworld activities have increased steadily in extent and in daring, and in the process have obtained and paid for such political power as cannot under the best of conditions be eradicated within the next decade. Through rich rewards it has attracted over the border of respectability people of caliber, whose trained brains now supplement the machine gun of the killer in attaining results vitally opposed to the progress, prosperity and safety of the American people.

Perhaps as good an example as any of the crook control method may be found in the operations of Arnold Rothstein, that phantom of the underworld, whose relation to slaughter will be revealed in a later chapter of this book. Roth-

stein, a smart, vicious, worthless, and tremendously powerful crook, was—and is—aped by lesser crooks the country over. He, an individual of gangland, supplied habit-forming drugs the country over, was the largest single banker of bootleggers in the East, provided a "fence" for thieves in national operation, nearly wrecked professional baseball with his disgraceful "fixing" of the 1919 world series and paid for murderous protection for a score of rackets. He bribed judges, politicians, policemen and persons in any kind of power anywhere. All became factors in the deftly concealed and tremendously remunerative Rothstein gang.

Welcomed socially by some of the most famous and infamous groups in New York, this super-crook was ready and eager to pay the check for anything from mayhem to murder; he trafficked in drugs, blackmail, ruin and death so adroitly that he mingled easily with the "best people."

Everything dishonest—but with large and quick return—instantly won Rothstein's vicious interest and adequate support. That attitude is

typical of gangsters. They have nothing but contempt for people of integrity anyway, with their slow, plodding effort to get income in conventional ways. In the last ten years of vast returns from booze the gangsters have entered upon projects of such size that it has been necessary in countless situations to corrupt and take in people normally honest. For these people, incidentally, who worry about their reputations, the gangster has an especial contempt.

Those who become entangled in the gangland morass know a type of social torture and permanent blackmail which compares with any condition ever imposed by Mafia or Comorra. The alternatives of disgrace or death, in an extremity, constantly face the victim. It's an infinitely wider cycle of fear and subversive action than is generally recognized.

The deliberate offer of $100,000 by gangland to Mayor William A. Dever, one of the best executives Chicago ever had, is but indicative of the ambitious attitude of the gangster of today. Be certain that it took multiple acceptances of bribes, before that offer, to bolster up the gang-

land belief that even so splendid a man as Mr. Dever was amenable to money. As early at 1924 Dion O'Banion remarked to the writer: "Just because a police captain looks dignified, guys get the idea that he don't need anything. That's crazy. Gold badges look swell, but you can't eat 'em. Cops need money like anybody else. They're in a spot where they can earn some and they're nuts if they pass it up. Damn few do."

The writer recalls another occasion when a slayer was on trial in Chicago. A policeman who had been positive of his identification at the time of arrest had suddenly failed to recognize him. He stared at the killer in a stupid way and said, "It's funny. He looks familiar, but I can't be sure that I remember him from that night or where I saw him. I've seen a man like him somewheres." Leaving, a well-known beer baron, vitally interested in having this "hood" sprung, grinned contentedly. "That cop was grand," he said, "the stupider he looked the smarter he was. He just took his choice. He wants to live and have some money."

The super-gangster, governed by no laws, rules or morals—other than the code of gangland—has today infinitely more money and craftier brains than most of the forces opposed to his activities. Under present conditions his particular prey and specialty are people with power of every kind. He *assumes* that everyone is dishonest.

Obviously, much that has transpired in this country under Prohibition has contributed to that belief. Bootleggers who need highway or urban police for the continuity of their efforts have never had any serious difficulty in getting their loads to destinations. Hymie Weiss, known in Chicago as one of the most adroit beer delivery "Big Shots" in the racket, told me once: "I never saw the country cop yet who wouldn't go truck-blind for a month for five hundred bucks."

One of the most menacing factors in the corruption of police is that there is a general feeling—a sincere feeling—among gangsters and police alike that "nobody wants Prohibition." Full cooperation of police executives with Pro-

hibition enforcement officers is a rarity and, since there is hesitancy at the top, there is a tendency to weakness at the bottom in the matter of accepting gratuities. But to put it in the briefest possible way, the acceptance puts the policeman in the power of the crook, and the money earned by the booze-operation subsequently backs every kind of criminal activity.

Gangsters invariably refer to an honest policeman as a "wrong cop." They insist that "wrong cops" are rare and they have no respect for them whatever. They merely regard them as inordinately stupid, particularly if the bribe refused is merely to forget some bootlegging matter. Knowing that their own supply of liquor, however large, is promptly sold to the "best people," and reading newspaper attacks on the conduct of Prohibition officers—in especial the killing of nearly two thousand persons during the enforcement years—the gangster in the booze racket actually feels that he has every right to supply liquor.

This misguided notion of righteousness has a vital influence on the morals of the gang hordes.

It's bad enough in the "Big Shots," but the minor gangsters, dependent entirely upon instructions from their superiors in the underworld, have developed a fanatic impatience with anyone who gets in the way of gang procedure. Most of these underlings, by actual test of psychopathic authorities, are defective mentally, averaging from ten to twelve years in intelligence. Anything required of them can be asked and attained by the gang bosses.

Such bosses, knowing that they can get anything accomplished without a moment's question, naturally treat these murderous half-wits without much respect. It is part of the system which brings ready murder, for the smart gangster devotes some time to casually letting the gang's "punk" know that his courage is questioned. The latter is always eager for an opportunity to prove otherwise—always positive that anything the gang boss sends him into he'll get him out of, legally. The contempt of the gang leader for these foolish "rods" may be assumed, but he thinks even less of the "respectable" people who mix in gang activities.

Scarface Al Capone in discussing them once said:

"A crook is a crook and there's something healthy about his frankness in the matter. But any guy who pretends he is enforcing the law and steals on his authority is a swell snake. The worst type of these punks is the big politician. You can only get a little of his time because he spends so much time covering up so that no one will know that he is a thief. A hard-working crook will—and can—get those birds by the dozen, but right down in his heart he won't depend on them—hates the sight of them."

Long ago Big Jack Zelig, a gangster who vanished in the gun smoke of one Red Davidson in New York, remarked to this writer at a trial: "In my game the only guys you can depend on are those that you got murder on." That is exactly the attitude throughout the underworld. Even in the old days when a foolish guard or bank messenger would decide to tip off crooks so that they might rob him and split the proceeds, his life was almost invariably forfeited. They couldn't trust him! So after he had given

all the details about how to do the job, expecting a "cut" of the money stolen, the crooks would kill him, just for safety, as part of the job. That's underworld stuff—hideous but practical.

So in a business, which at least theoretically holds alternatives of wealth and luxury or prison or death, the booze and racketeering gangster of today is plenty nervous about these strange new "pals" of apparent social or political importance. It is a necessary but fretful element in the powerful and systematic operations of the gangs of today.

So far as the Scarfaced One is concerned, people either like him or want to kill him. As a newspaperman, I have known him for eight years in various contacts. He is the sort of person that you never see at the edge of a crowd. He's been in the middle every time I ever saw him. Whether that is due to him or to other people, I'm not sure. At any rate, during the 1928 Miami season, when events in the beer, booze and bullets business were favorable to him, Capone had the leisure to play around and obviously did not lack interesting company for his

house or yachting parties. He not only enjoyed a remunerative holiday but attained a certain bizarre social standing thereabouts.

Anyone familiar with the situation in Chicago in Capone's field of endeavor will realize that his local social contacts are necessarily limited. The homicide record of the city is nearly five thousand in ten years. But he does get to the theatre occasionally on Sunday-night openings, which usually means the sale of twelve seats for himself and bodyguard in the rear of the house, out of range of possible gallery snipers.

On a couple of occasions I have noted him with his artillery squad in theatre lobbies at intermissions. I have detected natives who had recognized him—in the throes of their second or third look. The expressions range through excitement, awe, interest and concentrated curiosity. I don't recall any scowls, sneers or indignation in the mob registry.

Their attitude may be akin to that of a socially prominent horseman in Chicago who, in discussing a racing matter with me when I was Sporting Editor of a Chicago paper, suddenly

turned and introduced me to his companion. The companion was Terry Druggan, so called "beer baron," who had a stable of his own at the time to which he devoted much of his time when out of jail. Perhaps momentary loss of control in one eyebrow indicated my surprise, for when I next encountered the socially prominent horseman he mentioned that meeting.

"Druggan's an intelligent sort of person and knows his horses," he remarked. "I'm funny that way; I never convict a man at least until the courts do."

America is getting used to that attitude.

Druggan, of course, will be recalled in connection with the notorious loose jail, which he developed in Chicago even before that city's surrender was complete.

He, with his beer-running partner Frankie Lake, another millionaire, were put in the Cook County Jail, so called, to await a hearing on a federal Prohibition charge.

One day a reporter for the Chicago *Journal* decided to have a heart-to-heart interview with the usually abusive Druggan. He went to the

jail and explained that he would like to see him. The guard, yawning lustily, explained that Druggan was out. This sounded odd to the reporter—and no wonder! But without giving it much thought he said that if he could talk with Lake it would do just as well.

"He ought to be coming in around six o'clock; he has dinner out," the guard explained.

This, the reporter began to think, was one of the strangest jails he had ever visited. And since anything unusual is news, he went back to his office and wrote for an hour or more.

The result was that Sheriff Peter Hoffman of Cook County was placed for a time in a tighter jail than he personally had kept, the warden lost his job, and Chicago suffered one of its periodical attacks of indignation. It didn't last long.

Druggan and Lake were soon free and engaged in the excitement attendant on their costly racing stable.

Chicago has long since ceased convicting a man unless the courts do—no matter what his grift.

Chapter IX

ON GO THE RACKETEERS!

THE same graft infection that is paralyzing Chicago is steadily progressing on a nation-wide basis. Let's see why.

Of course, the shooting of Lingle had two facets of astonishment. First, it attracted world attention because of the early belief that the gangsters had developed the temerity to slay the representative of a great newspaper because of his familiarity with million dollar gang operations. Then there was amazement at the discovery that a newspaperman had proved unworthy of his paper—for that is by no means a frequent occurrence.

Yet with the avalanche of money and power which has come to crooks under Prohibition, it was to be expected that the inducements which

have corrupted legions of persons in authority throughout the country would eventually reach the press.

Chicago would naturally be the city where this new phase might be anticipated, for that city has become a laboratory and school of practice for Prohibition crooks throughout the country.

By hundreds of thousands everywhere within the United States the gangsters have for years been at work with untold millions at their command, and the result is an unprecedented national menace.

Chicago has been featured principally because the vicious reaction of Prohibition made more rapid early advance there than elsewhere. Within two years, as matters are progressing, no fewer than twelve great cities of America will be comparable with Chicago in the proportions per population and wealth of the Prohibition-political-crime alliance.

The same system precisely is providing liquor all over the country. The power of the booze criminals increases daily and automatically.

Every new or former local foothold anywhere increases the national footing of the Prohibition criminal, and the keen minds of the morally twisted are making every penny of their countless millions work in attaining the one thing they must have to assure their enterprises—political power. Which is another way of saying protection—police and otherwise. Lingle wasn't alone in his relations with Capone in political Chicago. No. No, indeed!

The racketeer of today regards his duties politically and his activities at election time as just as vital a part of his business as the purchase of booze, its distribution, and his collections.

Let's sum up the situation which faces him and observe how simple a thing it is for him to obtain the power. Mind you—these crooks possess vast resources now and thugs were *always* useful politically in large cities.

The intelligent voters and residents of the "best" districts of a city usually are unhampered in their voting. In most large cities the good residential districts are but a small factor

in the total population of the city. It's down in the poorer districts that trouble and domination and crook opportunity begin. To say it in the fewest possible words, the poor, or shabby, or uninformed voter needs things. He has trouble enough without getting a punch on the jaw. He has so much trouble, in fact, that if he is handed two to five dollars on election day he can use it. In altogether too many cases the alternatives are just those, a crack on the jaw or a bill in the pocket.

Furthermore, there is a tendency among human beings not to be unlike their fellows. If the whole ward seems to be voting one way, and if every knuckle and every billfold seem to point in the same direction, the shabby voter is likely to say, as does the negligent voter on his way to golf on election day, "What difference will one vote make, anyway?"

And against the soft sides of this indifference throughout the country you have the pressure of revolver muzzles, literally billions of dollars, and a purpose to corrupt which never varies nor halts for a moment.

Taking that situation as it is, let us move from the common herd of voters and see what, in a large city, twenty-five thousand dollars will do with a police captain. Mind you, there is nothing suppositious about the matter. The writer is setting down a system with which he is entirely familiar in five cities. This happens constantly, and you will see how gracefully and easily it can happen. Furthermore, it is one basis, under Prohibition, for the entire criminal situation now disturbing America.

The police captain, then, has taken his twenty-five thousand dollars. Among the poor people of his district he is a czar with perhaps two hundred emissaries under his direction. These lieutenants, sergeants, desk men, and patrolmen had better not be too noisily honest if their captain is a crook. Through technicalities in the police routine he can, in two days, make their records look like a mud bath, even when nothing is happening. So, generally speaking, they stick along with the captain, and do with assorted qualms or enthusiasms just about what he says.

What he says, in effect, is that he wants the worst crooks put up at election time elected. He says that because he's got his twenty-five thousand dollars—which is approximately four times what the city pays him—and he's doing pretty much what his thug bosses want him to do. What they want, of course, is to put crooked men into office in the first instance.

Consequently, you have throughout an entire ward or area the police, who can bother one materially if they care to, telling people, over quite a period, which candidates they like—and why. By election time you are just about ready. Add to this the old alternative of the jaw or the pocket, and then read the election returns if you enjoy bad news. Sprinkle into this situation, too, for good measure and seasoning, a few crooked judges, aldermen, state legislators, and other twisted orators; and the forces of right—who seldom get over the habit of coming to life two weeks before election—function only as pessimists.

Exceptions, you say. Surely, here and there, but let's not quibble. They are few and every

day they are fewer. It's a vicious cycle. With this control of corrupt wards, how much righteous pressure is to be had from aldermen, state and national legislators, or even judges, seeking reelection thereabouts. They'd better be careful what they howl down the wind. Where are they going to get a campaign fund to compete against the money force by which they know they will be opposed?

It's enough to tempt even an honest man, if practical, at least to keep still and attend to his own position and future. As matters stand, the individual is jousting against the windmills. And if there is any organized force threatening this monster which Prohibition has developed, I must confess I do not see a trace of it.

Meanwhile, for the gang thieves and plunderers, every day and in every way the situation is getting better and better.

Of course, one of the greatest advantages of the new and powerful government of corruption which has been formed within a government has been that Prohibition graft is "legitimate." For fifty years in New York City there existed a

police system of graft which could not even be tickled, much less wrecked, until Lieutenant Charles Becker was executed and the revelations preceding his execution smashed the system to pieces. The millions of dollars accepted annually by the police system of New York were safe solely because they were "legitimate." By that is meant that the payers, who would naturally be the complainants, had nothing to complain about. They liked their bargain. The protection they bought was worth the money.

All the money paid by bootleggers under Prohibition is "legitimate." They want to pay it—they are not merely willing: they are eager. For the weak or dishonest policeman, judge, or legislator it is not only comparatively safe graft, but it is the most plentiful and continuous graft ever developed in this country.

Then, too, it is amiable. "Nobody wants Prohibition," says the bootlegger, and in most of the large cities of this country, where bootlegger activity is of the greatest value, the vote of the city corroborates him. It has been previously noted that in the poorer districts the

dazed voter has his choice of a punch or hand-out. In many of the cities of this country, the clear-thinking candidate has a choice just as peremptory. He'll take some money or he'll take the air.

Now let us examine another twist in the situation, one which is the most menacing aspect of Prohibition thuggery. When a man is approached by a suave representative of the crooks —and such representatives are suave, and intelligent, and sophisticated, and apparently entirely respectable—he is usually asked to remain inactive about something which, were he active, would hamper the bootleggers, however slightly or impermanently. What he has to do is very little—just look away, be himself, or forget it. You may be sure that he is informed that everyone in his stratum of activity is doing the same, and getting in return "a little money"—usually thousands—with political support and the permanent favor of the "Big Fellow."

Nearly every town of size has a Big Fellow—and without him you can't be mayor, or district attorney, or judge, or fire chief, or incinerator

clerk, or a hospital orderly. And he never broadcasts. His power is in the whisper.

So the man who is being approached learns that if he doesn't do it someone else will; that it's so trifling it's hardly worth mentioning; that if he does it he's a power and that if he doesn't he's a fool; and that things have changed a great deal in America since grandma was a girl. Then follows, of course, the old formula—nobody wants Prohibition, it's all in fun, etc.

So when the public official gets his cheerfully donated money for failing to notice something, he soon discovers that he is not only unopposed to the gang's activity, but is becoming more and more active in its behalf. Little things at first, then larger things. He gets more money, even though he doesn't want it, but he's doing things that are hard to do. He's in: there's no out for him. Whether he wears a gown or a police uniform or just a worried look, he's a gangster. And by the time his crisis in the matter arrives he has learned one thing that can never be erased from his mind: When his gang bosses say something, they don't mean maybe.

On that note we return to the type of people who have been given untold millions of dollars through Prohibition and who have—since it is a simple process—translated money into political power. They are very direct. They have a misguided notion of righteousness. They are convinced, largely through reading the papers, that the public dislikes Prohibition agents. They are equally convinced, from the tremendous volume of their own business, that everyone wants to drink. So they haven't a moment's patience with any official or other person to whom they have paid money and who starts to get uppity. And when a gangster hasn't any patience with anything he usually settles it by gunfire or the threat of it.

Dr. William Hickson, head of the psychopathic laboratory of the Chicago Municipal Court, has examined some hundreds of minor bootleggers and beer runners in Chicago in the last ten years. They are in reality unscrupulous, straight-shooting children, obedient to a master's voice, who will go straightway out on any mission—including murder—without any

distractions or side-thoughts about the matter. Furthermore, they have all of the zealous intentness of the righteous. For if the gang boss tells them to do anything they know it's right. The very caliber of these people accounts for a lot of things.

It accounts for the fact that although there were only eighteen murders in London last year, and eleven the year before, there were seven hundred and sixty murders in Chicago within that same period. In London every single one of the murderers either was executed or took his own life; in Chicago, eleven men were executed. Six were Negroes and have nothing to do with this story; they had no power, pull, or gang connections.

Of course, in talking about gang imbeciles, we are not referring to gang leaders whose names have become familiar the country over, such as Rothstein, Capone, and men of that stamp. Rothstein was a cold, vicious genius. Capone is an unusual "hood." He has concentration and executive ability beyond the ordinary. He is utterly fearless except when it is

sensible to be afraid. He is foolishly generous. He is intensely loyal. I have never known a person who wasted fewer words in reaching the heart of any problem. Yet he, despite his intelligence, loses all perspective when it comes to a discussion of his rights under Prohibition.

He sincerely believes that he has every right to supply booze to "nice people" who seem eagerly to welcome his wares.

"Some of the biggest 'Drys' in the country buy from me and have for years," Capone has explained, "so let's stop kidding."

And he turns his attention to his business, worth nearly a hundred million yearly.

Such money has for years been active politically all through the country. Gang wars and organized crime and the profits thereof are not exclusive products of Chicago. Who do you imagine delivers booze everywhere? Gangsters! Everything that has happened in Chicago must happen in every other large American city as matters are developing. There is no question about it. It's a matter of booze economics. There is nothing trivial about the illicit liquor

business. It's a tremendous thing, reaching into every city.

Anyone who knows anything about the underworld knows how it thrives even under energetic and honest efforts at suppression. News can travel through the underworld, into prisons, and even into death cells, faster than any wire service the writer has ever encountered. So be sure that various strange elements entered into the riots that occurred at Folsom Prison, Leavenworth, Dannemora, Auburn, and others.

I'm not overlooking such considerations as the Baumes Laws in New York State which in their normal operation remove all hope from the prisoner sentenced under the regulations affecting habitual criminals. He is in for life no matter what his conduct may be. There you have a desperate man. Combine this with the tendency toward leniency in all prisons of the present day, and there you have an obviously dangerous situation.

Now, if you want an excellent paper of matches for this tinder, let the underground inform prisoners that a certain judge or a cer-

tain police inspector is working with a certain gang. He's in, he's taken the money. He's the judge who gave you ten years or the inspector who conducted your case or, it may be, both the judge and the inspector who fixed you for your lifetime. Would you be ready for the signal for the break, especially if you had a ten-year-old mind and were absolutely convinced that everyone is stealing but you happened to get caught?

That is one of the outstanding terrors of Prohibition crime: not only utter disregard of law, but the sound conviction that anything is all right if you can get away with it. These people are not thinkers; they are merely millionaires.

Yes, indeed, even a careless political observer can recognize the political value of Capone and all gang leaders similarly situated. They are in a position to build friendships, and to topple opposition with both money and power.

In 1927, when William E. Dever ran for mayor against William Hale Thompson, it was generally conceded that Mr. Dever was "the finest mayor Chicago ever had." In fact, his

record was so good and the newspapers were so friendly to him that the gangsters, unabashed by his slogan, "Vote for Dever and Decency," promptly sent their emissaries to him with the aforementioned $100,000 for his campaign. It was just a drop in the bucket, but they were taking no chances; he might succeed. The money was in thousand dollar bills, but, of course, that was just a gangster habit. Mr. Dever refused it peremptorily.

This was the election in which William Hale Thompson was last elected over the best mayor who never had a chance. Immediately after this election Al Capone moved his entire gambling paraphernalia in from the surrounding suburbs and put gambling machines into practically every cigar store and drug store in Chicago. The town opened up like a dropped watermelon.

Just what has happened in Chicago is happening in various ways throughout the country. If the Chicago method is not being followed, what method would be used? Something that had failed? The Chicago method in this greatest

of all American businesses is standard practice.

Will anyone doubt for a moment that gangsters of various cities know each other and confer and set forth the best means of attaining results which in general scope are absolutely identical everywhere? Will anyone question that political candidates from the best element of Chicago were as good and ethical at the outset as candidates from Portland, Maine, to lower California might be?

Surely in a national crisis, recognized as such by the President of the United States, there must be acute national curiosity and interest regarding what is to be done to combat this movement of associated liquor-crime and political corruption. Any daily paper will make it clear that Prohibition officials are not effectively combating the crime and disorder which have followed the Eighteenth Amendment.

They are not even effectively enforcing the law itself. The police are doing nothing creditable about it; rather it is doing discreditable things to the police and to others in the position to profit.

What other force for enforcement is there?

If police officers averaging two hundred dollars a month maximum cannot resist the temptation of graft, little could be expected of soldiers if they were to be the last resort. They get thirty dollars a month.

The opportunities under Prohibition attract vicious men, but I have never known one quite as vicious as those opportunities are in themselves.

People read of gangsters and the crimes of which they are suspected and seldom proved guilty, and come to the belief that they are some separate breed of beast. As a matter of fact, they are merely people.

Of the thousands of homicides since Prohibition at least half have some relation to booze, gang, and racketeer activity. Lingle, as Colonel McCormick said, was but an incident. His death made the eleventh gang killing in ten days in Chicago when he pitched forward in the crowded subway.

Ghastly? Yes, but mind you in those same ten days there were eight gang killings in New

York, six in Detroit and four in Cleveland.

The government of Chicago is a disgrace, but the elements which have made it atrocious are evident and growing steadily throughout the country.

Let's take a glance at the gang structure in New York, where magistrates are being chased from the benches; where city sanitary scows have been hauling booze; where a score of important city governmental factors have been removed under charges of city-wide graft, and where Mayor Walker has publicly asked people who pay bribes to the countless grafters in his administration to "squeal" secretly on the municipal crooks.

New York had its Rothstein, and when he toppled with his bullet let's see what happened.

Chapter X

THAT ROTHSTEIN BULLET

ON THE eve of the last presidential election—November 4, 1928—Arnold Rothstein, Monarch of Easy Money, was sitting on top of the American underworld.

He was obviously master of all he surveyed with any personal interest, though just what his interests were remained scarcely more than a rumor during an astounding and vicious career. For he garnered millions while stepping over, under, around and between the varied and suspicious forces of law and order.

This true master mind, perhaps the keenest anti-social brain in criminal history, maintained a spotless official record.

Known to honest policemen as a "cop shooter"; known to big thieves as a fence; known

to organized baseball as the instigator of the worst scandal ever recorded in sports; known to Wall Street as the planner and backer of the only five million dollar bond theft in financial annals; known to Prohibition authorities as the largest single backer of bootleggers in the country; known as the largest and trickiest bettor in all turf legends—it took death itself to throw a shadow on the carefully protected Rothstein escutcheon. Seizure of the merest fragment of his ultra private and quickly vanishing papers unearthed $7,000,000 worth of habit-forming drugs and showed that Magistrate Vitale had borrowed $20,000 from Rothstein, the great fixer.

But on the eve of election aforementioned, Rothstein, with $1,500,000 correctly placed at odds on the results of the election in city, state and nation, had reason to crinkle his poker face in a thin-lipped grin as late political predictions came in from assorted sources.

As was customary with him, he had accurately anticipated every development of election day—except his own death in the morning!

This man, a terrific power in the political-crime hook-up in New York, was found mortally wounded late on election eve at the side of the Park Central Hotel. He had been called to the room in that hotel, occupied by George McManus, a gambler and friend of Rothstein's. That, so far as the solution of the killing is concerned, is the end of the story.

It was never proved that Rothstein got to the room, that McManus was in the room when Rothstein was summoned or that the powerful Rothstein's death had anything to do with the relations between McManus and himself. Not an indictment remains in the case.

That's the New York method, as opposed to the Chicago system of publicizing its own bad reputation.

In Chicago the crime reporters, urged on by an unquestioned public interest in the feuds, exploits and murders of the gangs, would have known and set forth for months the associations, enmities and activities of Rothstein. In New York, the fact that he was murdered and the crime unsolved led to considerable political an-

noyance, but the various motives for the crime were touched on but lightly and what might have become a terrific exposure of the crime and political alliance in the city became merely an unsolved murder.

True, the upset brought about the prostration and death of Joseph A. Warren, then Police Commissioner, the discharge and reprimand of many police officers and the termination of the political career of a District Attorney, Joab Banton. But the facts revealed had no value except as to the murder proper, and even those facts were so meagre that it is still an unsolved mystery.

Events proved clearly that Rothstein had amazing police power and frequently exerted political power. Yet there was an element about Rothstein and his corruptive powers that has become increasingly amazing with the passage of time since his death. He did his furtive and criminal work with such a light and efficient touch that months of hectic investigation—forced by political exigencies—merely developed the suggestion of how he attained his money and

power. The very nature of his activities made secrecy essential, and so deft was the Rothstein rule in New York that when the king was dead his slaves, operatives and tools seemed to vanish in the releasing air of his last breath.

Though there is a basis for comparison between Rothstein's position and that of Lieutenant Charles Becker, long since electrocuted for a murderous error, they were essentially unlike. Becker, head of the police strong-arm squad, protected and took his cut from gamblers and built up a tremendous power back in 1912. But his actions when things broke badly were readily traced and proved. He was first removed from his position and then from the earth. In the fact that Becker was caught, that his crimes were spread upon the record and that he was convicted, he differed vitally from the mighty "A.R." whose initials were more powerful in his heyday than Becker's whole name, rank, gun and ruthlessly used power had been. Becker employed his entire strength, influence and position to do things that Rothstein could have accomplished with a wink.

Cast about as one will among the known factors of importance in the underworld, there is no duplicate of Rothstein to be found. He was vain and proud of his wrong-slanted qualifications, but he was content to show off to few persons. Those persons were invariably useful to him and were admitted to his small group of confidents solely on the strength of their value in his nation-wide operations. He did not pose for the town. He wanted no publicity, and what he got he resented.

Scarface Al Capone is a natural contrast to Rothstein. He is in almost constant contact with newspapermen, as are other Chicago gangsters, with the result that the public is kept so well informed about the general slants of Chicago gangland that they can form an instant theory when a new gang death occurs—usually every night.

The newspapers of Chicago catering to this well-informed public interest in gangland matters have almost constant headlines on gang subjects. The natural result of this practice leads to nation-wide publicity—bad publicity.

The Chicago representatives of the various nation-wide news agencies are naturally affected in their estimate of news values by the position the items hold in the local Chicago papers. A headline article calls for rather a long article to be sent broadcast and the result is that America, especially the large cities where Chicago gangsters work hand in hand with local thugs, knows Chicago gangland rather intimately. The finding of a "ride" victim's body in New York, Detroit, Cleveland or Buffalo gets a quarter of a column because the people in those towns are not much interested. The same find in Chicago often gets a column because everyone in town has been informed long ago who the deceased is and what outfit he's hooked up with. His death therefore verifies a lot of theories and it gets ample space—in Chicago and elsewhere.

Thus it will be of interest here to follow the Chicago system for once and set forth a record of the death and horror—perhaps only a fraction of it—which followed the death of the adroit Rothstein.

In the hectic life of America's greatest city Rothstein ruled a government within a government. With his carefully selected and threat-regulated satellites, he preyed upon the people of the city and the country with perfectly devised precision. His initials "A.R." gave doubtful crooks morale, took the pugnaciousness out of police, won the warm support of crooked politicians and frequently meant more than any lawyer's eloquence when whispered to a jurist in the quiet of his chambers.

In the underworld dog eats dog. Rothstein, despite his poise of a dinner-jacketed, smooth-spoken and carefully jeweled figure, had about him fifty people as tough and murderous as anyone in the world, and with these he could transact any type of business. He played them against each other—he was the middle. But with all his training and calculation he could not prevent one of his puppets from turning against him. One misjudgment, one bullet, one funeral.

Then the quickly stifled furor, and not a connection with the underworld revealed except vaguely—except for another slip.

A receipt for a money order and a burned button belatedly connected the phantom Rothstein to fifteen slayings of gangsters in the East. It was only one continuity of crime fastened to the suave "A.R." Doubtless there were others.

It was not until August, 1929, that a bullet-riddled body burned to a crisp in a costly automobile on the Newark dumps provided such definite connecting clews with Rothstein's activities that the police could speak up and reveal the trail of vengeance which is here set forth.

After months of effort Deputy Chief Frank E. Brex of the Newark Detective Bureau—one of the recognized police geniuses of the country—established through the button and the money order receipt the identity of the victim of this gang ride and bonfire. It was Frank Moran, a $1,000-a-week killer on the payroll of the sleek "A.R."

The writer interviewed Chief Brex and he had this to say:

"This fellow Moran and another killer, Frank Devlin, were assigned by Rothstein to go out to Denver to kill off Eddie Diamond, brother of

Jack (Legs) Diamond, who had started a feud with Rothstein after deserting his mob.

"It looked like a cinch, for Eddie Diamond had been forced to seek the higher altitudes for his health and was out there without guards. He was tipped off, however, and when Moran and Devlin showed up with a machine gun they were promptly arrested. They jumped their bail on November 3, the day before Rothstein was shot.

"Rothstein's forces were in confusion with his death and the Diamond gang got to Devlin first. His riddled body was found at Somerville, New Jersey, a week after Rothstein died. The following day Rothstein's body guard, Fatty Walsh, was killed as he sat in a poker game at the Miami-Biltmore in Florida. Things were so hot for the newly disrupted Rothstein gang that Jack Waller, aid of Rothstein, jumped to his death from the Clyde Line steamer off the Florida coast when he learned that a mob had just missed him as he sailed and would surely get him as he disembarked.

"Mortimer Schubert let 'friends' know that he had suggested the Denver trip to Rothstein

and regretted that he hadn't gone himself instead of letting Moran and Devine bungle it. Schubert was found dead in a Jersey ditch November 14, 1929."

At this juncture Danny Ahearn beat up a Diamond cohort in Cleveland and was so seriously shot he remained for four months in a Cleveland hospital. Harry Veasey was killed at Woodside, Long Island, January 10, 1930. He had been a constant companion of the burned Moran.

It happened that on the very day the body of Moran was identified, Jack (Legs) Diamond was arraigned before Judge Max S. Levine in the Court of General Sessions, New York.

He had surrendered in his own good time for trial on a first degree murder charge directly connected with the outburst of death to Rothstein followers following Rothstein's fatal shot. On July 13, 1929, Simon Walker and William (Red) Cassidy had been shot to pieces with eighteen revolver shots in the Hotsy Totsy Night Club, a typical resort in the flashing Fifties.

Charles Green and Jack Diamond were named as the killers in the immediate investigation, but they were missing. Green, alias Entratta, had been known as Diamond's bodyguard. The receipt for a money order found on Moran's burned body was for $100 sent to Entratta, a year before Moran's death when he and Entratta, or Green, were pals.

Then something happened that made the surrender of Green and Diamond a simple matter—just something to get through with and forget.

Green surrendered first on March 8, 1929. *The police could not find one of their witnesses.* When Diamond, against whom the evidence was identical with that against Green, surrendered, the court could do nothing but turn him loose in the absence of corroborative evidence. Diamond, however, did not surrender himself until Green had gone scot free. He took no chances.

Assistant District Attorney Moore, in charge of the cases, explained matters to the court. "I am forced to move for the discharge of Diamond because five vital witnesses in this case have been killed or are in hiding."

We will quote the Assistant District Attorney at some length, for what he has to say demonstrates the protection of the murderous crime structure which exists throughout the country, but for various reasons is most obvious in Chicago.

Said Mr. Moore:

"There are witnesses who, if alive or available, would make the present case. They include John Wolgast, bartender at the club, whose bullet-riddled body was found a month after the shooting, in New Jersey. Herman Henry, who was present in the club and was a witness to all that transpired, was shot to death in Philadelphia within a month. Thomas Ribler, cashier at the club at the time of the shooting, went to his home shortly afterward, changed his clothing, told his mother that he was going to Far Rockaway overnight and has never been seen since, eight months. I believe he is dead. Hymie Cohen, manager of the club, and Red Martin, a Broadway character present at the shooting, have dropped from sight and are reported to be dead."

That statement of a prosecutor, typical of Chicago, developed in that instance in New York and it is typical of similar situations in every large city of the country.

Quite recently, the New York police, seeking to question Diamond for two entirely new murders, came upon his hideaway in Brooklyn. They found two black powder bombs, three bombs made of iron pipe, three tear gas bombs, eighteen loaded hand grenades, six empty hand grenades, five steel vests, three steel waist protectors, three Very signal pistols, thirteen loads for them, four rifle silencers, two machine gun stocks, twenty-nine boxes of assorted ammunition, ranging from .22 to .45 calibres, a gallon of tear gas, 150 loose bullets of various sizes, sixteen machine gun clips, each containing twenty-five bullets, twenty-two fountain pen pistols, a booklet on the use of Thompson submachine guns. So, although they didn't find Diamond, they knew that business is O.K. with him.

He has the Rothstein hauteur, but he uses the regular Chicago tools.

Chapter XI

THE PHANTOM MAYOR

THERE was a time when William Hale Thompson, at present on his third strike as Mayor of Chicago, was as obvious and ubiquitous as the stockyard odor which flavors the smoke of that thriving municipality. He was at all meetings of any kind whatever; he followed the horses in countless parades, and his daily wisecracks, weighing from eighteen to twenty tons apiece, were to be found regularly and for two reasons in the papers that were for and against him. His sombrero-full of calculating head was to be seen at all unveilings, cornerstone layings and first-shovel-for-the-foundation occasions. People either whistled through their teeth at him or hissed him as if he were two characters in a melodrama. And did he like it!

Equipped with a fabulous insight into mass psychology, he was really the first one to recognize that Chicago, which most people believed was merely preyed upon by gangsters, had in reality surrendered to the gangster hordes. He decided that as early as April, 1927, with the result that he quit addressing his audiences as fellow citizens and took the election by storm with "fellow hoodlums." Meanwhile, the embattled "decent people" of Chicago, having spent time, money and thought in an effort to re-elect Dever mayor of the city after a particularly credible term in that office, sat around stunned upon finding what had happened to their candidate.

At this juncture Big Bill, who had promised a wide-open town, set about keeping that pledge with a determination which would have been most praiseworthy had the pledge itself been more fragrant. He was at the top of his stride. All the loud people in the city had voted for him, and as he drove around town in his open motor the loud, wet cheers of his disreputable satellites drowned out the amateur and polite raspberries of the "better element."

But in April, 1928, events occurred which turned off the sunlight for William Hale Thompson. Earlier in this book mention was made of the hectic campaign in which the homes of Senator Charles Deneen and Judge John A. Swanson, opponents of the Thompson machine, were splintered with bombs and in which Octavius Granady, anti-Thompson candidate for ward committeeman, was put in his place and grave by a bullet through the head.

It had taken a lot to paralyze Big Bill's gall and gumption. Usually his opponents had laughed at him. But when those vicious incidents occurred he was astounded to find that he was heartily hissed at meetings and that his usually effective campaign talks were cheered only by hired claquers, with a background of honest groans and catcalls.

Further, he was staggered when the results came in after the bomb-jolted election of 1928, to find that the three principal candidates of his machine had been defeated. Len Small, who had been tried for depositing a million dollars of state funds in a non-existent bank, was no

longer Governor of Illinois; State's Attorney Crowe, whose assistant, William H. McSwiggin, had been mowed down by machine-gun bullets in company of gangsters in Cicero, was no longer in office; and Frank Smith, rejected by the Senate on a previous occasion for irregularities in his campaign contributions, was as far as usual from Washington.

The usually conservative speakers opposed to Thompson had now turned a bit raucous themselves and had described him in most effective and unpleasant fashion, including their findings that Big Bill had "the carcass of a rhinocerous and the brain of a baboon." Folks were getting personal!

It was at this juncture that Big Bill picked a fight with King George of England. Throwing all control to the winds, Bill stated that if King George, who is not much of a traveller, ever came to Chicago, he would "hit him a belt on the snoot," or kick him where his knees hit. This may have scared the king into silence or may have surprised him. But the papers of the world laughed at Bill and called him assorted

names. The local Chicago papers reprinted these items to prove that they had always been right about him.

When elected in 1927 for the last time—let's hope—Bill had promised to clear up crime in Chicago in ninety days. But things went from bad to worse and reached a climax in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre nearly a year after Thompson had been elected by his "hoodlums."

Then the city went broke; then the Fox Lake Massacre; then the sensational slaying of Lingle and the exposures which accompanied it.

Long before these latter three events Big Bill, the chronic parader, had faded from public view. The papers had ceased to be cluttered with pictures of him; his statements were mild, few and very far between. "Official spokesmen" answered public demands for the mayor's position on this matter and that. Officials of the administration represented the city at dinners and greetings and partings and parades.

Daily the newspapers opposed to him stopped in the midst of justified tirades to inquire whatever became of him, anyway. Samuel Ettelson,

Corporation counsel of the City of Chicago and personal attorney of Samuel Insull (utilities magnate who has just taken over the traction rights of the city "till judgment day"), has been referred to as "the unofficial mayor" in the daily newspaper discussion of the tangled affairs of the city. Through him usually the world has learned what the mayor has said and thought and planned and hoped through an astonishing maze of untoward civic circumstances. Just where the mayor was on any of these occasions has been difficult to learn, but the state of his health, thanks to his various spokesmen, has never been in doubt. For years he has felt just dandy, they said. Lately that becomes more and more doubtful.

When Deputy Commissioner John A. Alcock was left holding the police bag in Chicago after the Lingle shot he made a great but unintentional hit in his first interview with the newspapermen.

"This afternoon," he began, "I found Mayor Thompson——"

"By God, you are a detective!" cried a re-

porter, and every man on the assignment shook the Chief's hand in honest congratulation. The Commissioner looked bewildered, but that's nothing unusual for a Chicago cop.

Without ever being seen, Thompson had first asserted through his human megaphones that he would stick with Commissioner Russell through thick and thin. Two days later he announced from vast and unidentified distance that Alcock was to direct the police.

"Drive out the gangsters," was the text of this feeble and distant mandate. "The administration is behind the police as it has always been." Only further, possibly.

State Senator Michael Igoe rose at this juncture on the floor of the legislature at Springfield and declared that Thompson was absolutely responsible for the outrageous situation in Chicago and that he was never to be found even to defend himself.

Other legislators voiced the opinion that Thompson should be exposed and that, to all Chicago or anyone familiar with its political dropsy, was nothing short of funny.

Thompson has been exposed, and re-exposed and double exposed. And when professional exposers have weakened, he has insisted on exposing himself. Yet the last vote for him, personally, in Chicago is one of the greatest ever given a mayoralty candidate in this country.

Before he pulled in the blinds on himself and went mute he was nothing short of a circus. Everything he said appealed to the twelve-year-old, and that's a pretty smart political trick, considering what the World War military tests showed about mass intelligence.

For example, he lost his temper a few years ago about two former political associates of his. He hired a theatre to let off a blast about them at the noon hour—when the ordinary citizen will go to anything that's free. Thompson didn't merely name the two men who had made him go Vesuvius; he had something with him to represent them—two white mice. These mice, in separate compartments of a large cage, were represented to the audience and called by name as the two men Bill wanted to excoriate.

"You'd better run around and try to hide,"

Bill would shout at one of the mice; "you ought to be in prison on a dozen counts that I can name. You, a Republican!"

Meanwhile the audience watched the mouse addressed and saw him run around in circles and hide his head. Obviously, he was guilty. Thereafter the more naive of the Thompson supporters could barely refrain from feeding cheese to the politician in question when they encountered him.

Bill's quarrel with King George was handled in the same way. The king's attitude seemed to be like that of Fields in the furious old Weber and Fields fight. "Let him alone, he'll lick himself," Fields used to say, stepping out of reach of the wildly flailing arms of Weber. So, since Bill couldn't even approach the king, he gave the big battle a local setting by turning on William McAndrew, then superintendent of Chicago schools, and a fine man for the job.

Thompson had said that King George had insidiously got propaganda into the Chicago school system through history books which failed to give the American troops a break and had

sought to hide the frightfulness of the British troops in the Revolutionary War. Not a word followed from Buckingham Palace.

"Furthermore," furthermored Bill, "this was accomplished by William McAndrew. He is King George's stool pigeon."

In a gang town those are fighting words, indeed.

But the world laughed and so did Mr. McAndrew; he was put on trial and his trial was still on when his term came to an end anyway.

Meanwhile, a great number of Thompson's followers doubtless thought the police were looking for King George. He wasn't brought in, but that is unnecessary in Chicago. All that the majority of the voters want to read is that "the rifle squads are combing the city with orders to shoot to kill and will have their man within twenty-four hours." The shriek of a police siren is music to the ears of most Chicagoans. Nearly everyone not engaged in crime is a vicarious policeman, ready to throw down a bridge hand the second a siren sounds. It's pretty exciting.

For a time there was an arrangement by which emergency police calls were put on the Chicago radio programs immediately a crime was reported. A gong would sound and a voice would say something like: "There has been a shooting at 32323 Indiana Avenue. Screams were heard; five men were seen to jump out of windows and the rifle squads have been rushed to the scene." After which the white-faced orchestra would resume playing "Ramona" for anyone who cared to listen. When it got to the point where the stations couldn't get a piccolo solo in edgewise between the reports this habit-forming procedure was halted.

The police department's annual games bring forth a terrific turnout of citizens. The police department and its doings and troubles is a constant subject of conversation in Chicago. Big Bill used to pitch quoits in his shirt sleeves as a feature of these athletic games, but the big sensation of the day, of course, would be the rifle squads pursuing gangsters and shooting it out with them in the great arena. Bang, bang, bang! Chicago's theme song.

Bill Thompson's whole success in Chicago has been predicated on his ability to avoid all complicated arguments or details and topple the slightly dazzled voters with oratorical bang bang bang. The two bangs that removed the fronts of the homes of Judge Swanson and Senator Deneen were too loud. They interrupted Big Bill, who, up to the moment the first porch volplaned into the highway, was banging along at his usual and chronically successful pace.

It really required something like those two stoops to conquer Bill, for up to that time he had thrived on abuse, getting stronger, by actual vote measurement, as time went on and the indignation of the better element increased.

The friends of Thompson have for years called him "Big Bill, the Builder," while the force opposed to him have called him about everything imaginable. Even those who credit him with the brain of a baboon will grant that he can get around more corners politically than most professional politicians in this country. He is the Babe Ruth of promisers and for some

reason his constituents never complain when the promised actions fail to materialize.

One can readily understand what colossal promising was required when he was first elected with the aid of Fred Lundin, who was later to become one of the white mice in Bill's nibbling circus. That was 1915 and Thompson went in on a Wet-Dry—Anti-English—pro-Ally—White Supremacy—Negro—Protestant Republican—Carter Harrison-Democrat platform. Nearly every element in his constituency expected advantages over some other element in the same group and by giving them all nothing, as usual, Big Bill built a reputation as a harmonizer. Meanwhile, Oh, say, you should see how he overworked the American Flag, which he wore, waved, saluted and noisily revered on all occasions—this despite the fact that during the war he boasted that Chicago was the "sixth German city of the world" and in other ways nearly caused the city to be put under martial law. Like everything else, that attitude of Thompson's has been forgotten in Chicago—except by Germans, who really had reason to

appreciate Thompson at a time when bitter and headless prejudice made life unbearable in many quarters for loyal Americans of German descent.

Thompson's grandfather was the first fire chief of Chicago. His father was a millionaire, and Thompson is also. He was first elected an alderman in 1900 and, on a tip from a newspaper editor, got the first public playground started in this country. It's at Twenty-fourth Street and Wabash Avenue and it started a great national movement. That sounded good politically and, combined with the fact that Thompson had been a great football player, a cowboy, a yachtsman and an enthusiastic liver of life, started him off on high in the Chicago political arena.

Today with his machine smashed, deserted by many of his closest aides, and in seclusion while the world talks of the city government he was elected to head, the end of white mice politics seems assured in the Windy City.

Chapter XII

THE WORLD'S FOURTH CITY GOES BROKE

BACK in 1920 this writer, doing features for a Chicago newspaper, went to the capitol at Springfield to report the activities of a mission which had as its purpose the increase of teachers' salaries in Chicago. The present head of the Chicago schools system, William Bogan, was a member of that mission, but the chairman of it, the strength of it, and the dynamite of it was a former teacher, Miss Margaret Haley.

Governor Frank O. Lowden had summoned all of the educational authorities of the state to answer Miss Haley's assertions, claims and demands. But when she got started they just sat there open-mouthed. They learned about teachers from her. They learned about Chi-

cago, about graft, about rotten politics, and an educational system that had been used as a political football for years and was beginning to need patches at both ends and all through the middle. Among other things they learned, and promptly, was that they had no answer for Miss Haley's assertions, claims and demands. Perhaps all they needed was to be convinced, but she had gratuitously dizzied them for good measure.

"But," said one of the educational group, "it's impossible to raise taxes further in Chicago to meet these requirements."

I forget just what verbiage Miss Haley used in her reply but the gist of it was "Is zat so?" Then she told them about taxes in Chicago: dates, details, names and figures. She showed them that the tax situation in a city swamped with graft was the creamiest graft of all. It was the trigger speech by which the tax graft of Chicago was doomed. It was a bombshell that day, and it backfired for ten years. And the city went financially clean as the matter, with every possible political influence opposed

to the reform, was cleaned up. It's all adjusted now, but you've read of Chicago's empty treasury and of the city teachers, firemen, policemen and departmental employees going through months of payless paydays. It was worth it.

To review thoroughly the political situation in Chicago would require a gas mask and a blow-torch for the writer, and a reader equipped with black coffee and an alarm clock. Briefly it's terrible! The Republican and Democratic parties of the city simply wear a political beard apiece, but present a united and corrupt front against the decent elements of the city. Their relations vary with opportunity; sometimes they hold hands and, at others, throats.

At all times their mutual aim is to get the right lads in office for the grift grind, and they alternately abuse or become reconciled with each other in order to do the community good —and how!

In the entire crazy-quilt political structure of the city the political precinct captains are the pillars of strength. They have grand jobs with no particular hours, and with unlimited

powers, splendid income and superb opportunities. Tenure of their jobs is the only difficulty. They've got to get the votes out in the right direction as events fluctuate in the town.

So remarkable were the oscillations of events that the ordinary voter using his reason regarding his vote, would be dazed most of the time. Why should he vote for a Democrat this time, when that same man was denounced as a scoundrel by the Democrats themselves only a year ago, etc., and vice versa. So the precinct captains used force instead of argument in squirting the vote on the right fire of the moment.

How, though? Taxes!

Working together, the Republican and Democratic precinct captains have had the tax situation as their main reserve in the matter of steering the yokels. Tax assessments were a secret. Neighbors had no way of knowing the difference in their taxes and since, in most instances, the taxpayer was convinced by his precinct captain that he was getting away with something, there was a thirty-year thrift campaign of silence.

It was by these tacit agreements with more than nine hundred thousand taxpayers that the 5962 precinct captains of Chicago did their dirty work. They had the Indian sign on the sober citizens, and they swung the vote as an Indian club. An occasional war whoop from an individual proved to be the Cusser's last stand.

The new owner of a business building or a home would soon hear that the precinct captain would like to see him. He'd wonder why, perhaps, orally. The mature and sophisticated messenger would casually say that it was something about the new owner's taxes. The new owner, experiencing alternating cold chills, ecstasy, fear, confidence and doubt, would await the meeting with the precinct captain. He'd usually be pliant long before he got to the rendezvous.

There he would learn—and the explanation would be couched in very adroit and cautious form—that not only COULD the precinct captain reduce his taxes but he WOULD if the taxpayer would go along and give the precinct

captain a little help in his very difficult work. He would want not only your vote but a little oral effort now and then in favor of some political individual or group. It would help him, and therefore he'd be glad to "take care" of the taxpayer. The conversation, to be sure, would be a cross between a bribe and a threat for, of course, if the precinct captain could LOWER taxes he could also RAISE them, *per se*.

Rather a temptation for anyone, for the wealthier the man the larger his interests and the larger his proportionate advantage or disadvantage. Everything favored the precinct captain, representing total political corruption. Mind you, this same captain was in a position to control, to a large degree, the booze, gambling and vice situations in his district, so that his hold both upon gangsters and upon decent citizens was rather definitely established.

It was the early contention of Miss Haley that the correction of this secret taxation would provide ample money for the honest demands of teachers and other municipal employees. The pressure against such reform may readily be

imagined. It was 1927—seven years after the first discussion of the outrageous situation—before Miss Haley had marshalled enough strength through various civic bodies to demand an above-board taxation system. The first successful turn of the key toward open-door taxation was the appointment of a citizens' committee to "help" tax assessors in their work.

After that came the deluge based upon indignation. Taxpayers of all types—realty men, bankers, labor moguls, professional people and ordinary householders—were interested and active in the epoch-making reform. Every obstacle was put in their way, but the State finally ordered the full examination of the tax records. They were not merely records—they were a circus in figures.

People in adjoining houses would be paying $80 and $800. The Board of Review, which was in control of the tax situation, found itself in the midst of confusion which amounted to riot. At one period nearly one hundred and fifty thousand persons wanted their reductions attended to immediately. In the confusion the

Board actually stopped functioning altogether. Everything was wrong, and its members could not hear themselves think.

Fifty thousand persons went to law to avoid paying taxes until a complete readjustment was made. Ten times that number merely refused to pay a cent until the situation had been cleared up and the fairness of their assessments fully established.

For twenty-six months experts have been lost in the maze of fantastic figures and for two years the city, broke, has gone practically without taxes. When the corrupt muddle is straightened out, open records will be kept and every parcel of property designated by its address rather than by the old method of block, lot and plot, which led to politically satisfying confusion.

Meanwhile, constantly delayed salaries in most of the municipal departments caused city-wide depression of spirits and business. Belated checks, as this is written, are being paid to city employees through the sale of 1930 tax anticipation warrants, the use of State school

funds, tuition and other school revenue, and the direct use of license and fee collections.

This one factor of reform in corruption-bound Chicago has taken ten years of effort and two years of financial chaos.

In this discussion of the power of the precinct captains during the years of crooked taxation it must be pointed out that these powerful political factors used that power in grooves beyond either political or financial consideration. Many a social contretemps developed out of their ability to prey upon property holders for vast sums if rebuffed. Most of their social activities had a political facet, it is true, for they would seek contacts with "the right people" in order to give their political machine the needed atmosphere of respectability.

Political aspirants, of whatever caliber, were, of course, slaves to these precinct bosses and included, during a period of years, some of the "best people" of Chicago, but other taxpayers of social status were readily forced into not very pleasant social contacts under penalty of tax tribute, sometimes extending to six figures.

Professor Paul Douglas, of the University of Chicago, recently told me of a single circumstance that was indicative.

A Chicago property owner of excellent social standing received a telephone call from a politician abruptly inviting the property owner's wife to a tea that very afternoon at the politician's home. The property owner's wife knew neither the politician nor his wife. It was a strange invitation: more like a command.

"I'm uncertain about my wife's appointments," said the property owner, "but I doubt very much that she will be available for so late and unexpected an invitation."

"Well," said the politician, "the tax appraisers are looking over your property on Wells Street on Tuesday, and I thought you might like to talk it over at tea. Try and bring your wife."

That was no isolated instance. The gang-supported politician and the better people of Chicago had much—too much—in common while tax corruption was a stellar factor in the Winded City's political trickery.

Chapter XIII

SCARFACE AL AND PROHIBITION

PROHIBITION is eleven years old. Sponsored and parented by righteous, conservative and well-intentioned folk—in the main—it has proved a disorderly, mischievous and even vicious offspring in most respects with a penchant for rowdy and murderous playmates and few—if any—of the worthy traits hoped for and predicted at its christening.

Its honest parents are disgusted with it. Only a few of those who knew it in the cradle—mostly Dutch uncles whose record for industry, ethics and intelligence has long been questioned—maintain even pseudo-faith in this essentially dangerous and incorrigible youngster.

People generally, whether oldsters or brats, are judged by the company they keep, so, throw-

ing a glance around the American playground, let us take into account the sort of association which has with unfailing directness fitted Prohibition for the reform school. We will overlook the white-collared, semi-respectable sneaky little boys who push the law and pull salaries; we will instead turn to a lad whose shadow darkens the entire playground. His name is Al Capone.

His attitude about himself and his activities is interesting. He is annoyed by a constant threat of death which has become greatly accentuated in the last year. He is forced by the exigencies of his business to do, or at least order done, many things which are dramatic or fatal, but his attitude is that he regrets these necessities and that they come after he has exhausted every possible means to attain peace with his competitors. Aside from this bitter and grave-filling feature of his vast enterprises, he merely regards himself as any other business executive and keenly resents the efforts to hamper his activities, especially of a social nature.

Listen to him:

"Prohibition is a business. All I do is to supply a public demand. I do it in the best and least harmful way I can.

"I can't change conditions. I just meet them without backing up.

"Most of my business is in Chicago. When Prohibition came in there were seven thousand five hundred saloons there. Chicago spent nearly a hundred million dollars for booze at the old prices. Nobody wanted Prohibition. Chicago voted six to one against it. Somebody had to throw some liquor on that thirst. Why not me?

"My customers include some of the finest people in the city, or in the world, for that matter. But I am just a bootlegger. I violate the Prohibition law. All right—so do they!"

Let us consider Al Capone. He was born thirty-two years ago in Brooklyn. His father was a barber and, believe it or not, Al was one of the best-liked kids in the neighborhood. At twenty-one he had never been arrested, and in a tough neighborhood that's pretty good.

Capone was the best pool player in the Green-

point section of Brooklyn. He never drank, and the one outstanding trait known about him in the tough circles where his skill with a cue won him some attention, was that he must be home every night at ten-thirty. That's what got him into trouble and started his criminal career. One night he was listening to a political rally when a fellow from his favorite poolroom sought him out and told him excitedly that a slicker had stopped in at the hangout and had cleaned out the best of the talent for about eight hundred dollars. He was threatening to leave and they had been searching for Al to win back some of the money.

It was quarter to nine. Al hurried over to the poolroom and at half past ten he had the eight hundred dollars back and a hundred and fifty of the stranger's money. The stranger was tough and unhappy. Al was due home. He said so.

Without a word the stranger reached in his pockets, opened a long-bladed knife, and told Al that he'd play another game, or else—! Al struck once to the chin. The stranger fell

and lay motionless. Al ran for home. Twenty minutes later a misinformed pal arrived to tell him that his late opponent was dead.

There was excitement and weeping in the Capone home. Al had some tough cousins in the Five Points Gang in lower Manhattan. They'd know what to do in a case like this. They did. They assured him that he had to get out of town immediately and that they would try to fix it with Johnny Torrio, a captain in their gang, to take him. Torrio was going to Chicago to be a bodyguard for Jim Colosimo, vice-overlord who has since been slain.

Meanwhile, for nearly a month, the man that Capone hit lingered between life and death in a Brooklyn hospital. Capone, who became an aide of Torrio's, plunged into crime at the top in Chicago. He was too far in to back out when his supposed victim recovered.

Prohibition was just settling down into a systematized and deadly joke. Torrio and Capone, infinitely brighter than their boss, Colosimo, got the drift of what Prohibition would mean to fellows who were tough and willing to

take a chance. With the power of Colosimo behind them, they were soon launched, with a real organization, into the new super-graft, bootlegging.

Within a month Jim Colosimo, involved in one of the most tragic romances of the Chicago underworld, was shot to death in the doorway of his great restaurant. Capone and Torrio, with a desperately efficient and growing organization, were no longer restricted by the limitations of Colosimo. They knew everyone in the underworld or in crooked politics who could be of any value to them, and by 1921, with the police either quiescent or helpful, they were all set for the millions. Their beer vans rumbled through Chicago and their high-powered automobiles swept in deftly disconnected caravans between Canada and Chicago and New York and Chicago. Money poured in as never before in all vice or crook history.

Torrio made the original political contacts in Chicago under the guidance of Colosimo, but today Capone, left alone by the flight of Torrio under gun-fire, has attained unprecedented

eminence in the merger of the underworld with politics.

During this period of Capone's rise and rule there have been some five thousand homicides in Chicago. For the benefit of those who did not read *Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime*, let us briefly consider a few of them, which throw tiny sidelights on the crime conditions arising under Prohibition.

Fourteen days after the death of Capone's great rival, Dion O'Banion, in 1924, Hymie Weiss, O'Banion's fearless successor, blaming Torrio for O'Banion's death, pulled up alongside Torrio's automobile and raked the car. Torrio's chauffeur was killed. Torrio himself, with bullet holes in his hat, was already half way through with his leadership. He was typical of those gangsters who can gracefully give it, but hate to take it.

Two days later Torrio and his wife tiptoed from their car on a street directly behind their home, intending to cut through to their own backyard. They were fooling no one. Fifty machine-gun slugs riddled the buildings and

trees about them as a big car swept by. Three of the bullets—poisoned with garlic—found lodgment in Torrio's body. He spent a month in a hospital wavering between life and death. He had had enough.

He was a wreck of a man through his injuries and poisoning; his plea was that he could do nothing for months, anyway, and that he would like to see his relatives in Italy before they—or he—died. He had the powerful Capone put leverage on the gang to bring this escape about; and when the gang had consented, three cars containing the crack shots of the Capone-Torrio outfit escorted him to Buffalo and got him by private car to New York just in time for a steamer bound for Italy. Four men went with him. He had more than a million dollars, and lives today forty miles from Genoa—still guarded.

Previously Hymie Weiss, leader of the rival North Side Gang in Chicago, had kept Torrio informed during his stay at the Waukegan Jail that there was no hurry—he owed them a funeral. Six of Torrio's gang guarded the jail—

in addition to the normal jail guards—to keep the North Shorers away. When, six weeks before Torrio's sentence was due to terminate, he was freed and made his getaway to Italy, the rage of the North Side Gang was so great that they invaded Cicero with a thirty-car caravan of gangsters, each car equipped with machine guns, and blew the fronts off every building owned by Capone in that gang stronghold. This is America!

Would you hear more? Two months later Thomas Ross, Capone's chauffeur, was "picked off for a ride" with no one to help him. The North Side Gang took him out to East Chicago, tortured him for hours in the most frightful manner to learn of Capone's plans and movements, and then killed him and tossed his body into a cistern.

Again, two months later, Hymie Weiss, North Side leader, was coming from a courtroom in which Joe Saltis, a beer runner, was on trial charged with the murder of one "Mitters" Foley, gangster. Weiss had in his pocket the entire list of witnesses for the defense as

well as for the prosecution! Every witness for the prosecution was subsequently intimidated and Saltis was acquitted, but Weiss did not live to see all that.

With his list in his pocket, and accompanied by his bodyguards, Sam Peller and Patrick Murray, as well as W. W. O'Brien, his attorney, previously mentioned in this book, and Benjamin Jacobs, an investigator for O'Brien, Weiss reached the corner of the Holy Name Cathedral, directly across from the flower-shop headquarters of the North Side Gang.

From an upper window of 740 State Street, adjoining the flower shop, there came a hail of machine-gun bullets. Weiss fell dead with twelve slugs in his body, as did Murray, one of the guards. Attorney O'Brien, with five wounds, struggled to a nearby physician's office and after months in the hospital recovered. Jacobs and Peller were but slightly wounded.

"Schemer" Drucci, who succeeded Weiss as the North Side leader, lived but three months before his bullet arrived. He was succeeded by George (Bugs) Moran, whom the gangsters

were seeking Valentine's Day, 1929, when they lined up his seven doomed muscle men.

Two weeks later John Scalici, Albert Anselmi and Joe Guinta of the Capone forces—the first two among the most desperate killers in Chicago's criminal records—were all found in a car, riddled to death, south of Chicago. They were "given the ride" in retaliation for the massacre.

Scalici and Anselmi had killed three policemen in one day—and forty other crimes had been attributed to them. They were the scourges for the Genna brothers, working under Capone. Three of the Gennas died from bullet sickness in eighty days. The Gennas were all-important "Big Shots." Picking them off so fast was regarded with great joy by North Side gangsters.

Ninety-five "Big Shots" have been killed in Chicago in the last ten years, not to mention several hundred of minor beer-runners and thugs. But there have been only four gangster defendants brought to trial. None were convicted. The closest to conviction was James

Dougherty, who was seen by a mob of witnesses when he killed Eddie Tancl, a gangster, during a wild-west election in the town of Cicero outside Chicago. He was prosecuted by State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin, but finally beat the case. Four months later McSwiggin, the prosecutor, and Dougherty, the defendant, were both shot to death with one John Duffy, a supporter of State's Attorney Robert Crowe. The shooting took place in Cicero less than a half mile from where Dougherty had killed Tancl.

Before all these impressive events occurred, the man who brought Torrio and Capone to Chicago as bodyguards—Jim Colosimo—was found, when shot to death, to have been robbed of $150,000 in one-thousand-dollar bills which he carried in his pocket. I mention this merely to get back to the subject of money and gangsters. That's what it is all about—money. Widespread public defiance of Prohibition has given them this money—in amounts and with a continuity never known before in crime history—and they have spent it lavishly to buy

power. Lingle succumbed to this money power, as have thousands of others in Chicago and elsewhere.

When Angelo, one of the notorious Genna brothers, was killed, he had $30,000 in his pocket—as a man carries change! On the eighty-five "Big Shots" killed, more than $500,000 was found, aside from all their bank deposits. You probably know what $500,000 will do in politics. And when a gang chief wants something vital done politically he doesn't depend on his pocket money! He goes to the bank.

Be sure that a vast number of such gangster bank withdrawals figure in city, state and national politics in this country.

Chapter XIV

THE PERILS OF REPEAL

THE criminals made by Prohibition opportunities are not the unfortunates who pack every prison in the land to the last foot of corridor space. There were no booze "Big Shots" involved in the frantic and unprecedented riots that have occurred at a score of American prisons. Those rioters, smashed, burned, and berserk, are but an understratum of the vast American criminal structure.

Mainly they are in three groups: old-fashioned criminals bereft of leadership by the opportunities the "Big Shots" have found in Prohibition; young and untalented criminals, who, unable to muscle into the booze game but determined not to WORK, have become involved in anything from robbery to murder; and miscellaneous convicts

in impressive numbers brought into the walls of misery for activities hazed in bad booze—that perpetual fluid of violence.

There is a frantic pressure about these riots; there has never been anything to compare with them, either in intensity or numbers, in prison annals. The principal basis of that, prison authorities say, is that—like the majority of the population outside prison walls—the prisoners have come to the belief that crime is crime only when one fails to "get away with it." They are impatient with the ill luck that has befallen them—knowing in their hearts that infinitely worse criminals of their acquaintance are entirely unhampered and hailed as boon companions by corrupt officials and politicians.

Prisoners have an urge and an impatience that confined men in this country have never known before. They are aware of wholesale corruption among people of prominence, position and apparent integrity. They sneer knowingly at law enforcement elements. They have a contempt that is almost universal for the formerly awesome wardens and guards.

Briefly, they have lost respect for law! They don't *expect* punishment, and their attitude—in which they are perfectly sincere—has led to a combustion of criminal violence that has brought about amazing developments. Demands of prisoners for changes in clothing, food and even wardens have repeatedly been heeded after these demonstrations. Unprecedented conduct; unprecedented results!

The pitying visitor to an American prison is a thing of the past. The visitor of today is curious, thrilled and anxious to have widely heralded malefactors pointed out. The prisoners' reaction is surely — contemptuous. Things have changed!

Against this teeming background, then—this jostling, desperate, determined and difficult-to-curb defiance—we come to a discussion of the new American Utopia—offered by the Wets.

On June 30, 1919, liquor and its train of miseries were banished from the United States, by law. Those who urged, supported and—shall we say—put across the Federal enactment were not notably temperate in their predictions.

Future empty jails, increased law and order and millennial contentment and prosperity were promised throughout the land. A fit country indeed for the non-voting soldiers to enjoy on their return!

The Wets drank a sour toast to these predictions and have laughed long and thoughtlessly during ten troubled years. It would greatly simplify things if that were to be the last laugh!

Today throughout the country there is a powerful and obviously growing campaign backed by representative groups and individuals to bring about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Various incontrovertible factors—including widespread polls of popular opinion—indicate that it is time to consider the possible eventualities in this movement.

The discomfiture of such Drys as are less than fanatic has obviously impressed the Wets not at all. They are now engaged in their own clarion predictions! With the repeal everything will be ALL RIGHT! Snooping will be replaced by amiability; the taxpayer will get something for his money; the farmer will regain his grain

market; the kindly neighborliness of American life will be returned, alcoholic deaths diminish and the basis of corruption cease. Happiness absolutely guaranteed when the red nose replaces the blue!

Not once, in conversation, in the Wet campaign advertisements or in the multiple lectures, has this writer heard anything tangible about what is to become of the gangster organization which is now a government within a government in this country. This perfectly organized, utterly vicious, politically powerful and murderously intent group had an income of more than $3,000,000,000 last year. The Wet point of view, if any, seems to be that these vast legions, comprising the best-known criminals in the country from every line of "grift," will become apprentices in some trade.

Crime? You haven't seen ANYTHING yet.

With Repeal comes the deluge!

In 1919, it was July of that year, this writer came near to death while in the company of a safe-robber. It may be well to explain that, all things considered, the writer could not have

been in safer company. There was a race riot in Chicago in which thirty-eight people were killed and five hundred and forty-three injured. The writer, then doing feature articles for a Chicago newspaper, was assigned into that dangerous district, but could induce no cab driver to go in there.

Finally, the newspaper provided a motorcycle, one of several, and a driver for it. The driver of my cycle—as valorous a person as I have ever encountered—was employed in the circulation department of the newspaper. That is, when he was not tampering with promising safes! The job kept the police away from him and gave him the reputation of being employed. Such jobs were then essential.

When once we got into the heart of the riot it was through his efforts alone that the record of dead was not an even forty. That's a great way to strike up a lasting acquaintance. I got to know him well, even when he became a bootleg millionaire. For my driver that day was Dion O'Banion, most reckless and colorful of the vast group of Chicago gangsters, who

was shot to death in his flower shop in 1924.

He was one of the very earliest hijackers and general booze desperadoes, and yet—dead in 1924—his constant thought was just how long the booze racket would last and how tough it would be to go back to the old "grift." Go back? Every man of them will go straight back to their routine criminality the moment the booze bankroll terminates with Repeal!

Every prison survey ever made in this country has established the fact that the percentage of reform is negligible. What incentive is there for the bulk of these ex-convicts—even before the spoiling influence of such sums as $3,000,000,000 as largess—to "go straight" when they are completely out of touch with the tedious routine and comparatively modest rewards of honesty. They are usually dissipated and completely habituated to a criminal life. The age-old tradition that crime does not pay is insufficient to convince an upstart crook that an honest person is anything but stupid.

All of the pillars and recruits of crookdom under Prohibition will follow a course that—as

a matter of record—has never varied except in rare instances of superior character or unusual incentive. They will go back to vicious criminality with such appetite for money, with such organization, such friends, such contacts as were never known in the underworld in all its history. And what do you imagine will be their relations with the police with whom they have had major financial dealings? And what do you imagine will be the reactions of these police, newly bereft of income? Income to which—like the gangsters—they have become accustomed.

In the course of my newspaper work I have met among the "Big Shots" in the booze racket "Schemer" Drucci, the perfume burglar; Dion O'Banion, safe robber; Al Capone, dive keeper and gambler; Pete Gustenberg, payroll bandit, and a score of others. They quit their usual operations for increased income with decreased risk. The booze game is a tough racket; bootleggers are not recruited from clerking circles. For example, I knew Vincenzo Cozmano, killer and blackhander for years; he quit it cold for the racket with its vastly increased earnings.

What has become of the lottery wars, big safe blowings, the almost daily blackhand outrages, particularly in the foreign districts of cities throughout the country? The famous and important Italian Squad of New York's Police Department, which was headed by the slain Joe Petrosino and later by Mike Fiaschetti, is no more. Abolished in 1924! Why? Because the top calibre blackhanders were all in the booze game. No work—slight risk—vast remuneration.

Let us at this point inject a quotable attitude from one Danny Ahearn, a young man of Manhattan, twice tried and acquitted of murder, who has been tried for eighteen other major crimes and escaped conviction. He has twelve bullets in his body but is still active and chipper enough to utter the following:

"Why should I work? Look what I've gone through. I went through more than any guy living so far as the underworld is concerned. That's why I'm in gambling and bootlegging. A fellow in this racket ain't outspoken. I ain't looking for any trouble, but if it comes my way,

into the grave goes the guy with his face down to the earth.

"I have no use for a punk. There are some guys that if you pat them on the back they will go out and kill a guy for you. You can get the biggest man in the country killed if you treat the punk right. I believe that if a guy kills a guy he should have a reason for it."

If this were just an oral quotation it would have but little value or application here. But it is from the actual transcription of a stenographer. The young man has not yet even considered the possibility of the booze graft stopping, but in order to make the above attitude of mind, such as it is, applicable to this story, attend this further quotation from the estimable Mr. Ahearn. Mind you, there is nothing trivial about the gentleman. He's a top calibre gunman, whatever that is, on his record alone:

"In the underworld friendship lasts as long as money is being made. But as soon as money runs out, unless there is more money to be made right there and then friendship ceases."

At this juncture it seems almost negligent to

fail to quote Mr. Ahearn on another matter, since it gives as good an insight as any into the general calibre of persons now on luxurious vacation due to Prohibition, but who will promptly return to their routine tasks with the coming of Repeal:

"I was once offered $20,000 off a man to kill his wife. She was double-crossing him. I didn't want the job because I knew the cops would pick him up and I didn't know whether I could depend on him. I figured the best way to do the thing was to drive past with a car, pick her up and be nice to her. Get her to a cabaret, let her gain your confidence. Be nice to her and tell her you are going to take her to the mountains on a vacation. Take her to the mountains the two of you together. Get yourself a room in a hotel and every day go out and dig yourself a nice big ditch. Then take her for a walk in the woods and when you reach this spot, take her and hit her on the head and kick her into the hole, which is known as a grave, throw dirt on her and bury her alive."

Now no matter how incredible that may sound

or seem, the technique closely resembles that actually used by Ahearn in a murder which he virtually admits and for which he was acquitted.

A two-way insight into the vital threat of Repeal was afforded by the stock market crash. Naturally, industries were affected and within a few weeks marching and somewhat belligerent parades of the unemployed developed all through the country. These comparative LAMBS—workmen—became assertive and demanding almost immediately. Yet comparatively few industries were seriously affected.

With Repeal the most remunerative industry that the underworld ever knew will be shut down —completely! What is to be expected of the WOLVES?

The other insight brought by the market crash was the immediate rise in criminal activities. Obviously, thousands of large-buying customers were in no position to imbibe on the grand scale. The bootleggers were hit—and seriously—for a few weeks. Immediately the reaction in crime was registered in large cities throughout the United States.

Routine crime for the "punks" so-called; organized and perfectly executed crime on a large scale by the "Big Shots." In New York, Cleveland, Buffalo, Toledo and Hollywood there came a succession of sensational hold-ups of large parties in homes and at public places. Chicago, as usual, provided high lights. The home of Arthur Cutten, major market operator, was invaded and robbed, with some brutality. There were many people in the house, no particular care being taken about the time element on the part of the gangsters. Just a carefully planned and perfectly executed robbery netting more than fifty thousand dollars.

Jewelry robberies of size were reported to police of all the large cities. Bejeweled persons in parties returning from theatres or restaurants were held up: obvious indications of planning, watchfulness and perfection of technique. Theatre, hotel, payroll and cashier hold-ups were revived in volume. Actors were called upon to contribute to phantom charities with the suggested alternative of those rides from which there is no returning.

Everywhere there was evidence of such efficient organization as was never known before the criminal hey-hey days of Prohibition. Yet these crimes were but a stop-gap, a temporary turning aside from opportunities merely halted by circumstance.

In the "good old days" of the American underworld a mob of five or six was considered an outfit. A fifty-thousand-dollar haul was considered splendid, even for top-notch bank robbers. But Prohibition's pen sesame to criminal organization has made possible such crimes as the Roundout train robbery with twenty-nine crooks involved, including Jimmy Murray, "the beer king," and providing $2,000,000 in loot. That's system; that's money! The only possibility of thwarting any such giant "heist" would be the efforts of such men as Inspector William Fahy, all-time ace of postal inspectors. So the gang reached out and bought him. He's in prison now for it.

But more recently, as some measure of confidence returned and some indication of wassail was resumed, the gangsters went back to their

remunerative, less dangerous, and more amiable booze grafting. There was the usual evidence of organization and Wet psychology on the part of the bootleggers. Liquor prices dropped from $120 a case to $75 or $80 while financial readjustments were made by the routine trade.

Speaking of crook psychology, there is another element which is of interest and importance. In racketeering—which has been an obvious booze-supported development—the gangsters entered countless industrial fields. As early as 1928 Chicago lost or paid more than $136,000,000 to the racketeers in various fields. The racketeers were in *all* instances hooked up with the booze powers. Or, to be more exact, the booze moguls delegated subordinates to create the rackets after it had been learned—with the power of money-bought violence and organization—just how easy it was to intimidate business people and buy off interference with money. Local conditions elsewhere might change specific details of the racket operations or alter their extent, but the general plan was the same everywhere as early as 1927.

Chicago became so overridden with rackets that in 1928 it established a "Racket Court" which hears nothing but racket cases. This type of exploitation and terrorization of legitimate business men and groups by crooks is simply an extension of gang violence inaugurated and supported by booze-fund power.

Whatever the actual organization may be in any industry or among any group of employed people, the gangsters put their own men into the original honest protective association or pseudo "union." These newcomers, all tough, get to know who's who in the real organization. They become promptly dissatisfied with conditions in the honest organization *no matter what the conditions are.* They form the nucleus of a new organization which, under the guise of protection, is, in reality, intimidation. Those who oppose them learn, by fist, bomb or gun, just where they get off, and shortly the new crook-controlled organization is in full flower.

Take as an example the cleaning-and-dyeing business. As soon as the racketeering organization is in ruddy health from the crook's point

of view, up go the dues of every member of the racket-ridden organization. There is but one recourse! Up goes the price of dyeing and cleaning for EVERYONE. You pay it, but the merchant doesn't get it. The crooks have it.

And if there is any objection to the crooks on the part of the honest man in business, he has various things coming to him. The simplest way of setting them forth is to state what the Racket Court in Chicago has jurisdiction over. Here you are:

Destruction of property by explosives.
Injury to persons by explosives.
Malicious mischief to houses.
Boycott or blacklist.
Entering premises to intimidate.
Intimidation of workmen.
Collecting payment as penalty.
Depositing of stench bombs.
Kidnapping for ransom.
Mayhem.

Last year the racketeers in Chicago had increased their take more than $100,000,000 over the terrific toll of 1928. Be sure not to confuse

this with the national income from rackets because it is only a fraction of it. And don't confuse it with the confessed $3,000,000,000, admitted as the income of the bootleggers last year by Dr. James M. Doran, former Prohibition Commissioner. That's different money, but it ALL goes to crooks. Has for years!

It should be remembered that in all of this crooked business—this vast national exploitation made possible by the Drys and supported by the Wets for years—the purpose of the gangster is to hide his every movement and purpose and to corrupt without exposing the political tools—dull or sharp—that he has bought.

This being true, one must be careful of examples. Libel costs money. Truth becomes legal libel if you cannot prove it, and bribe-takers and givers are not likely to come to the front and admit anything. Thus it is necessary to confine ourselves to bribes that were offered and NOT ACCEPTED to give the reader a notion of how the booze merry-go-round distributes its platinum rings.

Recall that as early as 1927 E. C. Yellowly, Prohibition Administrator for Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana, was offered a flat bribe of a quarter of a million dollars to "be smart" about ONE alcohol plant.

Then again, the twice-as-important offer of five dollars a barrel for Morgan A. Collins, former Chicago police head, on two hundred and fifty barrels moved daily—permanently.

Do not imagine that the gangsters were impressed by these refusals, rare as they were.

I first learned of that offer to Collins through a "Big Shot" I had encountered many times in my work as a newspaperman. This particular foam czar was as thick as he was wealthy, requiring an interpreter to inform him at intervals what he thought he was getting at.

"The Chief," said this superbly dressed tramp, "is absolutely kerazy. Everybody he knows, even his own guys, want beer, and he kicks away some millions. Jeeze, the poor guy ain't even got a diamint, neither."

The mental attitude of these murderous millionaires under Prohibition is just that. They

can't understand anyone being honest, at least until he has patent leather shoes, an imported car and plenty of jewelry. It baffles them. They are never awed by integrity; it makes them roar either with laughter or indignation.

The aforementioned tests by Dr. Hickson on minor gangsters in Chicago established that. They are, in the main, mental twelve-year-olders. They can all shoot straight, and there is no confusion of thought when they go about it. Like a trained animal, which upon being alarmed, immediately goes into all its tricks, their first thought in stress is to pull a gun and fire it. It's all they can do well.

Under Prohibition this mentally shabby type of gang "punk" devotes most of his talents to gangsters of rival outfits who seek to muscle in. And that is at least more satisfactory than any other type of shooting practice imaginable.

Let us consider a power which motivates them even more energetically than drugs.

As a newspaperman attached for a period to Police Headquarters in New York and later familiar with police officials in Chicago, it be-

came obvious to the writer that about eighty per cent of the solved crimes in police annals are due to the operation of "stool pigeons"—perhaps more than eighty per cent. This is set forth to make clear to the reader what a vast legion of killers are available for any duty required of them in the American underworld.

A stool pigeon is a squealer who tips the police off regarding who is responsible for a crime. He is not a paid employee; he almost invariably risks his life in informing. But he has no choice, once a detective "who has something on him" lets him go. Briefly, detectives "trade" with criminals or they seldom get anywhere as police assets. Having caught a criminal in a crime on which he could go to prison for two or three years, they will frequently—especially if they are personally uncertain of a conviction—let the man go. But it's on condition that when they come to him for information on a crime that he should know something about, or can find out about, he will "squeal." And he'd better be ready, or else—

Any policeman, even a corrupt one, welcomes

an opportunity to get a criminal on a murder charge. It stabilizes his position, means something on his record. It's a whale of a favor to have someone tip him off on a sure murder conviction. He'll do some tall trading to get such information.

The reader will understand, then, what utter domination a gang leader—in close touch with corrupt police—has over those whom he knows to be murderers in a town where five thousand homicides have been recorded under Prohibition! They'd better do what he orders them to—no matter WHAT it is. He can trade them in for multiple favors, if they dare to be uppity. True, the slayer may only have killed a gangster, a crime in which the police waste no undue effort, but on the records a murder is a murder and no sensible copper is going to pass up a chance to horn in on one.

And be assured that no gang punk is more amenable to discipline from a gang mogul than are the corrupt judges, police officials, or politicians heretofore mentioned. When they are in the graft they are gangsters, no matter

what they may protectively think of themselves.

The only reason that these higher-ups usually escape gang bullets in stress is that they have something which acts as an automatic life-saver —reputation. In most instances they value it as much as a gangster values his life, and they can be forced into necessary corruption through threat of disgrace rather than death. Their second automatic protection is that their deaths raise too much of a row—as in the case of Lingle. The constantly reiterated statement of Al Capone is really the unconscious slogan of all gangland: "We don't want any trouble."

Murder in itself is not rated as trouble in gangland, because, as matters stand, it removes annoying persons in gang controversies and leads to no particular difficulty so far as properly constituted authorities are concerned. Then, too, the police attitude of relief at the slaying of known gangsters has materially added to growth of the slaughter technique.

Thus have we come into existence as a national shooting gallery through the medium of bunk, booze and bullets.

Just to keep this book convenient for handling we have veered only to New York in the discussion of what has happened to Chicago. But New York and Chicago are merely two units, whatever their size, in the national booze industry. No city in the country is more corrupt than Philadelphia; Memphis has for a long time led the world in murder per capita; Cleveland is gang-infested and politically corrupt; and Boston, Buffalo, Toledo, Los Angeles and New Orleans are liquor-filled and gang-menaced. New Jersey and Michigan are the most active bootleg supply territories, and in that connection recent events in Detroit are to be recalled.

Chicago has surrendered to the gangster horde, but Chicago, in which Lingle was but an incident, is only an incident itself in a national campaign of thuggery. At this belated juncture it has met no serious rebuff on any front. Its hoodlum marshals obviously have the situation well in hand.

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